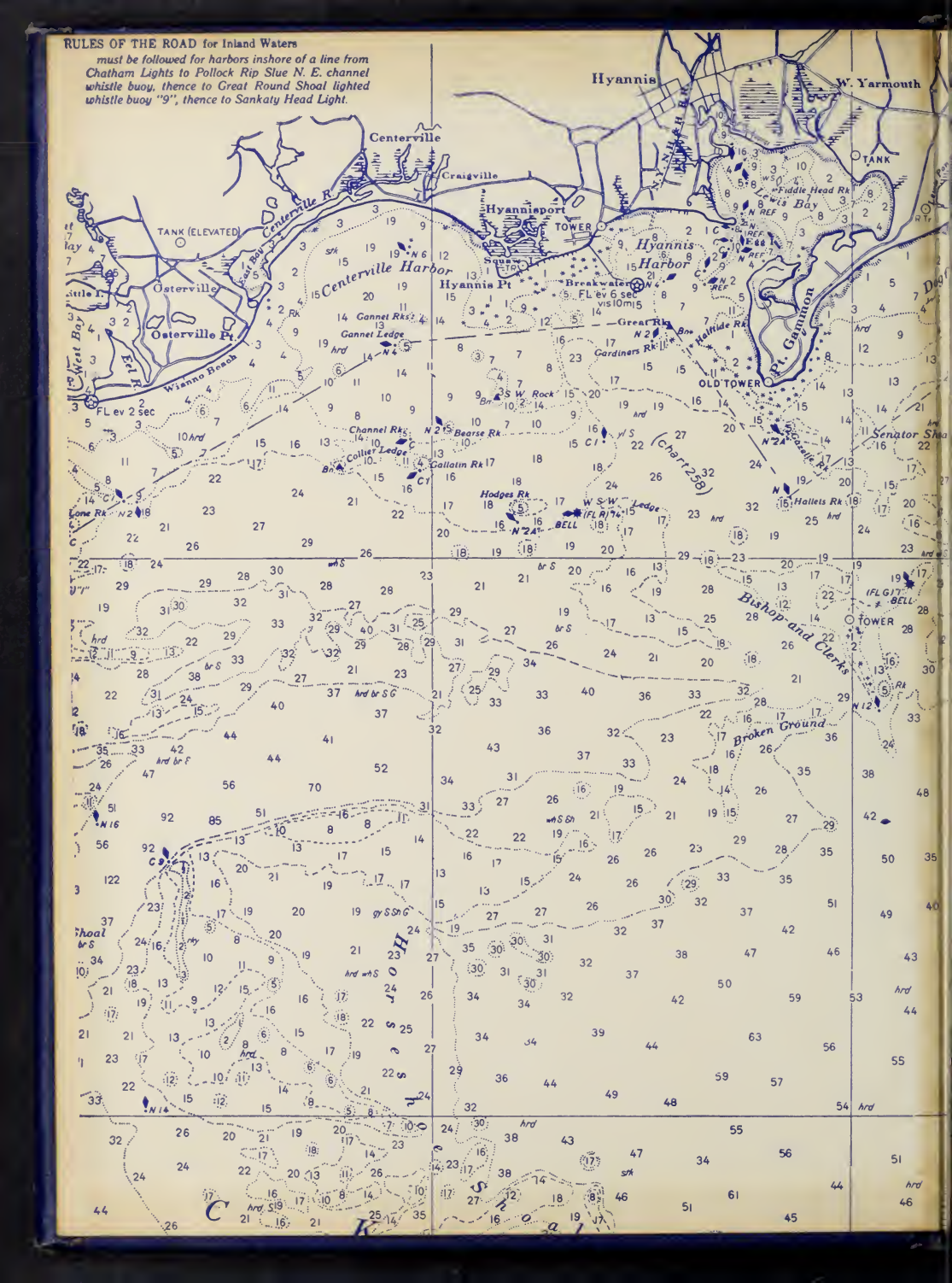
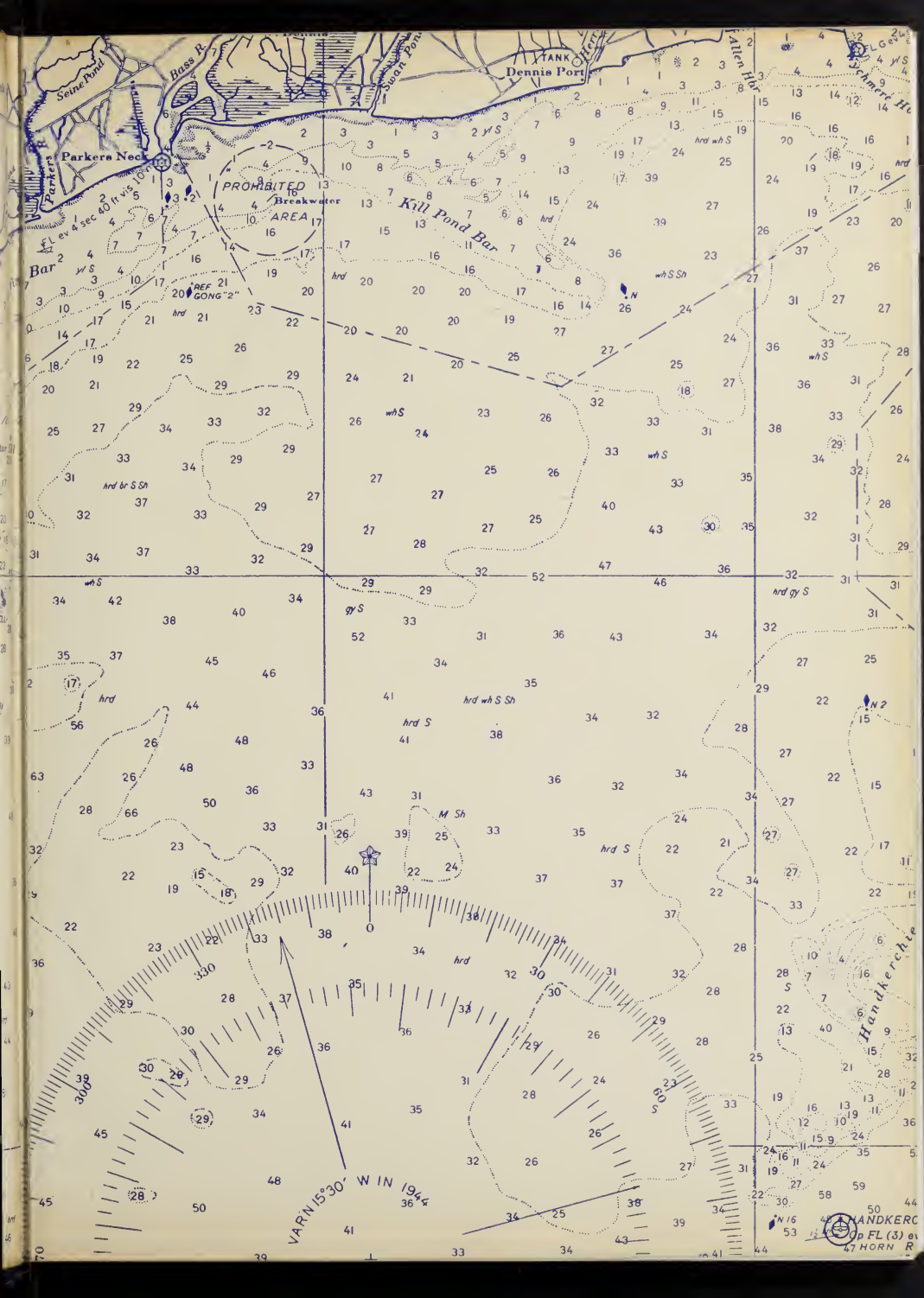
MUSTER

1947


RULES OF THE ROAD for Inland Waters
must be followed for harbors inshore of a line from Chatham Lights to Pollock Rip Slue N. E. channel whistle buoy, thence to Great Round Shoal lighted whistle buoy "9", thence to Sankaty Head Light.
Hyannis
W. Yarmouth
Centerville
Craigville
Centerville R.
Hyannisport
TOWER
TANK
TANK (ELEVATED)
Osterville
Osterville Pt.
West Bay
East Bay
Centerville Harbor
Hyannis Pt
Hyannis Harbor
Lewis Bay
Fiddle Head Rk
Breakwater
FL ev 6 sec
vis 10mi
Great Rk
Halfmile Rk
Gardiners Rk
Pt. Gammon
OLD TOWER
Gannet Rks
Gannet Ledge
Wianno Beach
FL ev 2 sec
Channel Rk
Bearse Rk
Collier Ledge
Gallatin Rk
3S W Rock
Senator Shoal
(chart 258)
Hodges Rk
W S W Ledge
Hallets Rk
Lone Rk
Bishop and Clerks
Broken Ground
TOWER
Shoal
Cape Cod Bay
Cape Cod


Seine Pond
Bass R.
Swan Pond
TANK
Dennis Port
Allen Har
Parkers Neck
Parker
PROHIBITED
Breakwater
AREA
Kill Pond Bar
Bar
REF
GONG "2"
VAR 15°30' W IN 1944
Handkerchief

MUSTER

ACADEMY

DEDICATION

Lieutenant Commander George S. McNulty

To Lieutenant Commander George Stuart McNulty, Instructor of Physics at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy from April 1945 to July 1946 and a veteran of many years service in the Navy and Merchant Marine, we, the Class of 1947 duly dedicate this, our yearbook, in deep appreciation for his friendship and understanding in conveying to us the necessary traits that will make a successful officer.

He was never too busy to lay aside his work and endeavor to aid the many Midshipmen who brought their personal problems to him in anticipation of his interest in solving them.

ADMINISTRATION

ADMINISTRATION

The State of Massachusetts since its founding back in the days of the early colonists has looked to the sea for its livelihood. Many men decided upon the sea for a career and to these the state largely owes its development and progress through the years.

In 1874 an act designed to encourage the establishment of nautical training schools at various ports along our Atlantic and Pacific coasts was passed by Congress.

The State of Massachusetts decided to take advantage of the act in 1891. In June of 1891 the General Court of Massachusetts passed an act to establish a nautical school and authorized the Governor to appoint three Commissioners to administer the affairs of the school.

In October of 1892 the state received the first schoolship from the Navy.

During the first World War the majority of the graduates went into the Navy and the schoolship increased in importance.

In 1941 following the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Government shortened the course to sixteen months and soon afterward it was decided to give the school a shore base and increase the enrollment.

In July 1942 the officers and Midshipmen arrived in Hyannis to take over the Hyannis State Teachers College. In a short time, the necessary equipment was brought to Hyannis and the Academy settled down to aid the Government in producing Officers for the Navy and Merchant Marine at a rapid pace.

On March 1946 the course was lengthened to three years and the state has decided to grant a degree to all such graduates. A new training ship was produced and today the Academy shares the ship with Maine.

The Academy is at Hyannis to stay and plans for the future provide for a well-developed school that will be the envy of the other states.

His Excellency, Robert F. Bradford

Governor of Massachusetts

ROBERT F. BRADFORD
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

November 30, 1946

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

Dear Friends:

It makes me very happy and proud to extend to the graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy the congratulations of the Commonwealth upon your successful completion of studies at the Academy. Your tenacity and sincerity is now about to be rewarded. The success you have achieved also places responsibility on your shoulders--responsibility not just to your ship, but also to your country. The merchant seaman has truly been the builder of empires, not only here in Massachusetts, but in the great maritime nations of the world. It now becomes your duty to carry on with this great trust for which you have been trained.

My interest in the merchant seaman is deep, and I realize the benefit that he has made possible for us here in Massachusetts. As your Governor it is my intention to do all in my power to place our state back in the enviable position it once enjoyed.

Your ability and success are certain; for it is a well-known fact in our shipping industry that when men from the Massachusetts Nautical School and the Massachusetts Maritime Academy walk the bridge, the ship is in safe hands.

Sincerely yours,

Robert F. Bradford

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

THEODORE L. STORER

JOHN W. DOWNS

CAPT. CHARLES W. HURLEY

CAPTAIN PALMER HARRINGTON
Secretary, M.M.A.

Board of Visitors

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John Dessmond, Commissioner of Education.
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Warren B. Nott, *Superintendent* of Machinery and Trial Engineer, Bethlehem Steel Co., Shipbuilding Division, Fore River.
Commodore Norman L. Queen, USMS, *Supervisor*, State Maritime Academies, War Shipping Administration.
Commander Frederick S. Walker, Merchant Marine Inspector-in-Charge, Marine Inspection and Navigation, U.S. Coast Guard.

SUPERINTENDENT

Captain Howard G. Copeland

On July 8, 1946, the flag of Commodore Claude O. Bassett was slowly lowered from the yardarm and Captain Howard G. Copeand officially became the Superintendent of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

This was the climax of a colorful seagoing career begun on April 16, 1906, when Captain Copeland graduated as an honor student from the Massachusetts Nautical School.

From 1907 to 1909, he was assigned as commanding officer of naval vessels, training men for the Naval Militia of Massachusetts. He served as navigation officer aboard the *U.S.S. Nebraska*, *U.S.S. Chicago*, and *U.S.S. Kearsage* in 1912, 1913, and 1914 respectively.

Other assignments that have been carried out by the Captain include, superintendent Cadet School of Massachusetts; district personnel officer and director of Naval Reserve, 1st Naval District, 1941-1945, and president, 1st Naval District General Court Martial.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Commander John Thompson

Having graduated from the *Nantucket* with the class of 1912, Commander Thompson returned to that ship in 1919 as its navigator, after spending five years, 1912 to 1917, with the lighthouse service and one year with the New York-Puerto Rico Line and the Savannah Line. During World War I, he was for a short time with the U.S. Army mineplanters at Newport.

From 1919 to 1925 he remained with the schoolship, but in 1925 became employed by the Boy Scouts of America as Scout Executive. While connected with the Scouts he organized the Pinetree Council of Maine and served as the Executive Officer of the Quincy Council in Massachusetts, this work lasting for ten years, until 1935.

In 1935 he again returned to the *Nantucket* as Navigator and retained that position until 1941, when the Massachusetts Nautical School was brought to Hyannis and was renamed the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. With this change he was made Executive Officer in charge of Cadets, the office which he now holds.

CHIEF ENGINEER

COMMANDER JOHN NOONAN

Commander Noonan graduated from the schoolship *Ranger* in 1917. After shipping out for several years, and rising to Chief Engineer, he left the sea to become Field Inspector of boilers and power plant machinery, serving for several years as Supervising Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Department of one of the larger insurance companies.

On being transfered to Boston, he directed the activities of a force of machinery inspectors throughout the United States.

In 1941, Commander Noonan was called to active duty in the Navy with the rank of Lieutenant Commander... Stationed at the Quincy plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company, he served as Officer-in-charge of Machinery inspection during the construction of large combatant vessels.

Commander Noonan also served as Machinery and Repair Superintendent in the Balboa Shops, Canal Zone.

Upon his request, he was separated from the Naval Service on August 28, 1946 and took over his present position as Chief Engineer, Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

LT. COMDR. RICHARD T. ROUNDS USNR

Capable head of the Department of Seamanship and Navigation, Comdr. Rounds graduated from the Massachusetts Nautical Schoolship *Nantucket*, in 1926, where he held the rate of Cadet Chief Officer. After service in the Merchant Marine in the employ of the Standard Oil Co. and the United Fruit Co., he reported to the school as a watch officer in the early nineteen thirties. He has been connected with the Academy ever since, except for a tour of duty in the U.S. Navy during the war. Reputed to be one of the most able navigation instructors on the Atlantic Seaboard, his ability in this field can well be vouched for, by the fine background of navigation with which he equips his pupils.

COMDR. LOUIS A. WOODLAND USNR

A firm believer in conducting his duties in a true Naval fashion, Commander Woodland has achieved a high respect from all the Midshipmen.

After his graduation as Cadet Master in the 1929 class, he began his sea career, and in 1934 he returned to the nautical school as an instructor.

During the war his association with the Maritime Academy was interrupted through his service as Navigator and Executive officer on the *USS Monrovia*, in Pacific Warfare.

This outstanding record plus his administrative qualities are positive indications of Commander Woodland's continued success.

LT. COMDR. THEODORE T. LINGHAM USNR

Lt. Comdr. Lingham, USNR the mainstay of the engineering department, has a reputation among the black gang of being a wizard where mechanics and electricity are concerned. He has proven himself to be an ardent follower of athletics at M.M.A. and has often been seen cheering the teams on, in victory or defeat.

A very capable officer, he has been responsible for many new improvements in the engineering department and he has outdone himself in both the theoretical and practical instruction of the cadets.

LT. COMDR. GEORGE L. ROSCOE USNR

A graduate of the *Nantucket*, class of '32, Lt. Comdr. Roscoe sailed with the Merchant Marine for several years. At the outbreak of World War II, he was called to active duty with the Navy, and assigned here to the Academy as a Watch Officer,—Instructor with the additional duties of First Lieutenant. He has been with us ever since.

It was his idea that stowage should be taught at the Academy as an independent subject. An authority on all deck subjects, he teaches Maritime Law, Stowage, and Seamanship.

LT. COMDR. WILLIAM CONNORS USNR

A graduate of the School ship *Nantucket*, class of '32, Lt. Comdr. Connors came to M.M.A. as a watch officer and Seamanship instructor in 1940. In January '42 the Navy called him to active duty and luckily he was assigned to the Academy. In June '45 he was ordered to duty on the Navy tanker *Neosha* as executive officer and followed the fleet to Tokyo. After returning to the States, he was transferred to Norfolk and took command of the tanker *Hesplan*. He returned to the Academy in March '46.

LT. COMDR. HAROLD D. HOWES USNR

Lt. Comdr. Harold D. Howes, USNR, graduated from the *Nantucket* in 1933. His sea career includes a year and a half in the merchant marine, a year in the Lighthouse Service, a berth as Chief Mate and second in command of the MacMillan Expedition aboard the schooner *Bowdoin*, in North Greenland, and an impressive five years in the Navy during World War II.

His career in education includes a B.S. degree from the Hyannis State Teachers College in 1939, a principalship of the Orleans Junior High School, and his present position at M.M.A. as senior instructor and academic assistant to the Superintendent.

LT. ADMONT G. CLARK USCGR

Lt. Admont G. Clark USCGR, graduated from Amherst College in 1940. He then worked in the Purchasing Department for Standard Oil of New Jersey until January of '43 when he attended the Coast Guard Reserve School, receiving his commission in May of '43.

After escort duty in the Atlantic and a year and a half of carrying Army freight in the Pacific, Mr. Clark came to the Academy in August of '46. He teaches English Literature and English Composition.

LT. (JG) HORMIDAS BENOIT

Lt. (jg) Benoit is another member of our esteemed engineering faculty. His colorful classes are always awaited with eager anticipation as he is one of the most interesting, concise, and learned lecturers here at the Academy. Through his efforts, the machine shop was put in working condition and his instruction in this phase of our engineering studies proved to be a great aid to many of us who were totally ignorant of the many mechanisms found in a modern shop.

LT. (JG) HARRY WEBER USN

The head of the Naval Science Department is Lt. (jg) Weber USN, who came to the Academy in August of 1945 as Gunnery officer. He is a Regular Navy man of 13 years experience who has accomplished the difficult task of coming up through the ranks. Anything that had to do with shooting held great interest for him as another of his interests was the Academy Rifle Team, which received much of his valuable time and effort.

LT. (JG) ELZIE COOMBS USN

During the latter part of 1945 the Academy was privileged to add to its staff of officers a very conscientious and able young communications officer. This officer, Lt. (jg) Coombs, USN, was a great asset to the school as he is a veritable walking dictionary of communications know-how, having worked up through the ranks as a signalman. Among his various duties was assignment to the job of seeing that our sub-chaser was kept in the best of repair. Needless to say, Mr. Coombs has really given us the works as only he could, so that our examinations seem like child's play.

LT. (JG) LEE HARRINGTON USNR

One of the Academy's newest young officers is Lt. (jg) Harrington USNR who is a graduate of Saint John's Preparatory School, in Danvers, Mass., and of Holy Cross College of Worcester, Mass. He served two years in the Navy as communications and radio officer on board the *USS Pittsburgh* and the *USS Astoria*. His post at the Academy is two-fold in that he will be a Math Instructor and also the new athletic director. An able athlete himself, we know he possesses the right spirit that will make him a most valuable asset to the Academy.

LT. (JG) LOUIS LAFORET USNR

A graduate of the *Nantucket* with class of 1939, Mr. Laforet was an Instructor at the Maritime Upgrading School in Boston prior to coming to M.M.A. in October 1946 as Instructor in Deisel. He has been chosen to make the first cruise on the *Yankee States* as an Engineering officer.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES PARKER

Lieutenant Parker was born in Providence, R. I. He was educated in the local primary and secondary schools and then went on to graduate from the Rhode Island Commercial School. For a period of twelve years, from 1905 to 1917, he worked in the office management division of Browne and Sharpe Manufacturing Company. Following this he was employed by the Federal government in commissary management at Norfolk, Va. He then switched over to the state government and became paymaster of the Schoolship *Nantucket*. On 6 December, 1946, he completed his twenty-fifth year of service in that capacity.

CHIEF BOATSWAIN HARRY G. BRENNER

Since coming to the old *Nantucket* in 1927, Boatswain Brenner has faithfully served as an instructor in practical Seamanship and has gained the respect of both Officers and Midshipmen. Having fulfilled twenty years service with the State, Boatswain Brenner hopes to retire next year.

CHIEF YEOMAN ROY W. GREENLEAF

A veteran of 36 years service with the state, Mr. Greenleaf served on the *Nantucket* for 10 years prior to coming to Hyannis in 1942. He has charge of all official reports of the Academy and is a familiar sight in his office at late hours.

GRADUATES

FOREWORD

To the Class of 1947:

So now you are "shoving off"; crossing the Academy gangway for the last time before commencing your cruise into new waters; your trick as a Midshipman is over; the watch has ended and you are about to get under way for the future under your own power.

You came to the Academy as boys right out of High or "Prep" School. You have lived and studied, drilled, worked and played in the tradition of those who have preceded you from this place. Like your predecessors, you have learned the basic essentials of a sea-going officer's profession. You have acquired the habit of obedience; you have developed initiative, trustworthiness, honesty of purpose, respect for authority and respect for the rights and property of others. You have been members of a team and know the necessity for team-work. You have become conscious of the simple dignity of work and the satisfaction of a job well done. You have learned that loyalty is the core around which any successful organization must be built. You have come to know the value of true friendship and the meaning of the most fraternal term in the whole lexicon of words of the English language—SHIPMATE. In a very short time you have become men.

All this has not been easy, but it has led you steadily forward toward the goal of your immediate desire. You are today the proud possessor of a hard-earned diploma of a time-honored Institution known and highly respected, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the entire Maritime World. What is even more—you have, in high degree, become the possessor of those priceless things—self-discipline and self-respect.

"Going to sea" will involve its sacrifices, disappointments, hardships and defeats. For those who possess the required stamina, and courage, it will also have its victories and compensations. Only those in whose heart and fibre dwells a love of the sea that transcends almost every other attachment, can understand or share with you the reason for your choice of profession. Perhaps it is the satisfaction of doing a man's work in an essentially man's field; perhaps it is the satisfaction that comes from being a part of one of the two oldest traditions known to man—"Arms and chivalry" and "following the sea." Whatever it is, you are well equipped for the service you will enter. You go your appointed ways worthy sons of a worthy Alma Mater.

I came here only last July so we have not been Shipmates long. In this time, however, I have learned to know you well, as I have known many in whose footsteps you will follow. I have felt officially and personally very close to each of you. You have my confidence and my respect. As I bid you "Bon Voyage" and cheer you on your way...

"I cannot know the part you'll play
In this world of chance and Fate;
But I just feel, and so I'll say—
I KNOW IT WILL BE GREAT."

Sincerely your friend and well-wisher,

H. G. Copeland, *Captain, USNR*
Superintendent

PAUL E. ABRAHAMSON *"Abe"*
117 Slade Street, Belmont
Huntington Prep

Activities—Sub. Co. Commander 6th Co.; *Full and By;* Dance Committee; Male Chorus; Drill Team '45.

Belmont's contribution to M.M.A.—Abe has more deals than you'll get in two games of two-handed cribbage. An example of his versatility; he was not only the only man responsible for seeing that *Full and By* was "put to bed" every month but also, whenever anything electrical went amiss, he or Jell would answer the call. As a Sub-Commander he could most capably step to the front of the company when Carl was absent. In spite of the ribbing he received at times, Paul was well liked by his classmates and was respected as a man who had the best interests of the Academy at heart.

PAUL FRANCIS BECHARD *"Paul"*, *"Beechie"*
190 Essex Street, Holyoke
Williston Academy

Activities—*Full and By* (Editor); Football Dance.

A sincere, conscientious person whose happiness in life is derived from pleasing others—a real go-getter, Paul was instrumental in reviving the *Full & By*. He is possessed with an innate desire and the necessary determination to guarantee the success of any venture upon which he embarks. Experiences difficulty in mastering flashing light. Is noted for saying "I'm beginning to see the light."

OLIVER WILLIAM BONNAFE JR. *"Ollie"*
33 Pope Street, Hudson
Hudson High School

Activities—Band (3rd Trumpet) '45; Bandmaster '46.

When the noted "personality smile" sparkles before you, Ollie is sure to be behind it. Typical of a Frenchman, Ollie upholds the reputation of possessing that gracious "romantic line." This talented musician expended much time and effort in organizing our band, and he richly deserves a pat on the back. Many a Saturday afternoon our bandmaster stole the spotlight by leading the band through its intricate maneuvers while playing some "never to be forgotten pieces." Ollie's choice of marches, during those rigid morning inspections, provided a bright spot in commencing the day.

CHARLES R. BROCK *"Charlie"*
60 Valley Road, Wellesley Hills
Williams College

Activities—Co. Comdr. Co. 5; MUSTER; Football Team.
Known to his classmates by a variety of nicknames, Charles R. Brock is never more impressive than when he is leading his company in a battalion review, unless it is during those few brief moments after tattoo when he blossoms fourth in pajamas of multi-colored hue. Constantly engaged in affairs d'amour. Charlie's famous quotation, "She may not be beautiful but she has an awful lot on the ball," will never be lived down.

JOSEPH CAHILL *"Habana Joe"*
99 Governors Road, East Milton
Brockton High School

Activities—Sub Co. Comdr. Co. 1; Gunners Mate; Dance Committee; MUSTER.
A volume could be written about Joe and his activities here in Hyannis but to really appreciate him we must think back to the *Mariner*. "Habana Joe," as he is more commonly known, is a connoisseur of wine, women, and song and an expert at adapting himself to circumstances. Always be remembered for his daring adventures in Texas and Cuba. Would be excellent material for heading the "Good Neighbor Policy."

CHARLES MILLER CAMPBELL *"Cranberry"*
Point of Rocks Road, Brewster
Orleans High School

One of our better known "Codders," well versed in the art of berrying, scalloping, and any other occupation not known "below the bridges in rebel country." A crackerjack, "firecracker Engineer,"—well remembered for his ability to start a particularly "stubborn" diesel after many unsuccessful attempts by "Gentleman Jim," our diesel instructor. This stalwart "bogger" has the unique privilege of standing in the good graces of local "Switchboard Belle." A quaint collaborator of Cape Cod colloquialisms, with a heart as big as some of the stories he tells.

JOHN MARTIN COADY "*Buff*"
142 Prospect Street, Gloucester
St. Johns Prep, Danvers

Activities—MUSTER, Dance Committee '45, '46.

From the cold North Shore comes John Martin Coady, the Academy's warmest-hearted citizen. While never losing his temper in an argument, John's nimble wit could be counted upon to enliven any discussion ranging from Charlie Parker to Johnny Walker. Definitely the athletic type, Buff was never more happy than when engaged in a vigorous hand of whist, or a fast game of horse shoes.

MARSHAL N. COHAN "*Mish*"
138 Cliff Road, Wellesley Hills
Harvard University

Activities—Co. Comdr. Co. 3; *Full and By;* MUSTER.

Known to every City and State policeman on Rt. 28 as the "Terror of the Highway," Mish Cohan bravely pilots his Packard chariot on weekend liberties with capacity loads of midshipmen. This Wellesley boy has made a name for himself among both his classmates and instructors for his sincerity. Never be forgotten for the daring rescue of one of our classmates from freezing in a snowbank after an exceptionally joyous occasion.

ROBERT F. COLLINS "*Bob*"
71 Summer Street, Salem
Harvard University

Activities—Orchestra.

One of the happiest cadets at the Academy, Bob, with his beaming face, witty remarks and excellent imitations of our noted steward, was always able to boost the spirits of the first class. A true gourmet and possessed of no mean appetite, he expanded considerably on his diet of cheeseburgers, after taps, despite his vigorous experiment with dynamic tension.

JOHN E. COX JR. "*Red*" "*Jack*"
46 Dudley Street, Fall River
Tabor Academy

Activities—MUSTER; *Full and By.*

Jack, one of Fall River's most noted contributions to Academy morale. Quiet, but possessed of a sense of humor that is always good for a lion's share of the laughter in 1AD. Instructors' voices are a lullaby to Red's ears, and he undoubtedly holds the M.M.A. record for the most "sack drills" in class. The "Exeter Affair" when the fate of Academy history rode on his brawny shoulders will never be forgotten.

MAURICE JAMES CROUNSE "*Moose*"
38 Linden Street, Brookline
Boston College

After completing two years at B.C. "Moose" boarded the train on that eventful February morn and journeyed with the rest of the "chosen ones" to Hyannis. His sense of humor and Irish gift of gab have many times kept us looking at the brighter side of life. Helped to establish the beach head at Marymount. Will never forget the sensation of being awakened by the "Swoop." A smooth operator and hard worker, he is also an accomplished skater even on "thin ice."

JOHN A. CULVER "*Archie*"
24 Eleanor Road, South Weymouth
Weymouth High School

Activities—Dance Committee; Soft Ball Team; *Full and By;* MUSTER.

A South Shore boy made good! Disappointed as fate passed him from the roster of deckmen to the Engineers. This disappointment was short-lived however as "Arch" the B.T.O. fitted easily in to the engineering field. The latest "allnav" has also disappointed him, because now he has to wait six months before he can start his U.S.N. career. It may turn out to be for the best, "Arch"; think it over; the C.G.'s sound like a "good deal," too.

LOUIS JOHN CZELUSNIAK *"Louie"*
48 Franklin Street, Easthampton
Easthampton High School

Activities—Dance Committee '45; Softball Team; *Full and By;* MUSTER.

From the hills of western Massachusetts to the shores of Lewis Bay came one of those rare individualists who really enjoys living and somehow always manages to spread this joy to everyone around him. A valuable spark-plug, his enthusiasm did much to enliven the many activities in which he participated.

CHARLES MACDONALD DALLAS *"Tex"*
167 Bridge Street, Beverly
Beverly High School

Activities—2nd P.O. 4th Co.

Hailing from the North Shore, "Tex" is a great lover of Cape scenery as evidenced by his exploits on short weekends. He was frequently seen shouting farewell from the upper deck windows. An exceptional student and an outstanding practical man, he has a fine future awaiting him in that cubicle containing a sewing machine that is so often referred to as the engine room. We often pondered over the contents of the sea bag that accompanied him on his weekend sojourns.

WINBURN ALBERT DENNETT JR. *"Snag" "Win"*
5 Dennett Street, Hopedale
Hopedale High School

Activities—Dance Committee '45, '46; Sailing.

Although our class may long be remembered in Academy annals, only a few of us will linger in the minds of some of the more vivacious feminine citizens of Cape Cod. One of this chosen group is Winburn Dennett. Possessor of a gleaming tattoo on each of his muscular arms, Win never fails in making an impression upon the minds of young men with his all-round saltiness. A past master at handling knockabouts and an ardent lover of Caribbean ports, Snag would be an asset to the Puerto Rican and Cuban Mail Lines.

LARRY FAY *"L. F."*
6 Sachem Park, Wollaston
Boston College High School

Activities Softball, Century Club.

A constant runner for top honors in the engineering section, Larry has followed in the footsteps of his brother, an Academy graduate, in fullfilling a career at sea. Forced to transfer his residence from Wollaston Bay to Lewis Bay as a result of admission into the Century Club, he however was a regular on subchaser cruises and found Providence, R. I. much to his liking. Blessed with the unusual gift of imitating Walt Disney characters, Larry has been the center of attraction of many junior ward-room sessions.

JOHN P. FLAHERTY *"Flip"*
78 Dana Street, Springfield
Technical High School

Activities—Battalion Adjutant; Dance Committee; Orchestra; Band.

Jack's abilities are unlimited and his personality is one of the best. Popular with both officers and classmates, he is known as one who can be relied upon to carry out his duties promptly and efficiently. Having once played with Mal Hallett's band, his prowess with the trumpet soon spread throughout the Academy. For almost a year Jack was bugler but in spite of that he retained his popularity. Scholastically he has been a leader in his class since the very beginning and in view of such qualities, it was inevitable and only natural that he be appointed Battalion Adjutant, thus becoming the senior engineering cadet.

CARL ROBERT FOGLIA *"Finger"*
531 Chestnut Street, Athol
Holy Cross College

Activities—Company Commander Co. 6; Class President; Dance Committee '45; MUSTER; Baseball and Softball.

Carl came to M.M.A. from Athol following in his brother's footsteps. Following so close in fact that brother John was of the mighty first class when the kid brother arrived. Leading the class scholastically, he was the first engineer to hit the celebrated 4.0 list. He turned in many fine performances as battery mate to hurler Paul. There are big things in store for Carl, and with his natural intelligence, his sense of leadership and his ability to make and keep friends, he is well equipped to make his mark in the world.

ALAN SULYARD GARON "*Al*" "*Tug*"
36 Whiting Road, Wellesley Hills
Harvard University

Activities—Sub Company Commander; Football Dance '45, '46; MUSTER.

A champion of decency, endowed with an exceptional mastery of words, "Tug" was influential in steering the class of '47A on a straight course through the sometimes tempestuous sea of Academy life. Possessor of a slight Harvard accent, he has the accompanying degree of common sense and dignity which is consistent with it.

MARK GIBBONS "*Cozy*"
9 Pearl Street, Mattapoisett
Holy Cross College

Activities—2nd Petty Officer; Football '45, '46; Skipper, Sailing Crew; Rowing Crew '45, '46; Dance Committee '46; *Full and By;* MUSTER.

Responsible for many of the strange phenomena taking place at the Maritime Academy in the last two years, such as seabags that groaned when stepped upon, piles of lifejackets that snored, and pillows that were found in the most remote places; Mark Gibbons comes forth out of hiding and into the limelight for this brief resume of his career at Hyannis. A never-ending source of laughter, "Cozy" always puts in his appearance for liberty and chow formations, and long enough to play a slam-bang game of football on fall afternoons. Winchell's closest competitor in the words per minute department.

BERNARD BLAIS GIORGI "*Curley*" "*Bernie*"
10 Summer Street, Marlboro
Marlboro High School

Activities—Football '45, '46; Baseball '46; Band '46.

Whenever there are loud noises in dispute a peculiar saying by our boy "Curley" comes out namely "easy! easy!" Almost always these disputes occur over some type of sport. Besides having a vast knowledge of sports and athletes, it takes a good man to beat "Bernie" on the diamond or the gridiron. He was the slugging center fielder for our baseball club and also a life guard for the football club—both teams had a record well to be proud of, O yes! On Friday noons "B.B." engaged in an altogether different type of sport for the playing of cymbals in our band amused him.

LEWIS LESLIE GORDON *"Flash"*
Holyoke Road R.F.D. No. 1, Ludlow
Ludlow High School

Quiet, industrious, imaginative, and extremely meticulous, "Flash" is happiest when sitting behind a drawing board, detailing some intricate machine, or when swinging his powerful irons around the Ludlow Country Club, where he claims to make the rounds in an easy 75. The easy 75 may be another figment of his imagination, but it's not the tallest tale he has told in two years. A successful future is assured for Lou, but we do wish him luck on that next one-foot putt.

REINO ENSIO HELTTULA *"Ray"*
High Rock Road, Fitchburg
Fitchburg High School

Activities—Full and By; Dance Committee '45; Dance Committee '46.

An argument against that old seafaring belief, that Finns bring bad luck aboard ships is Reino Helttula of Fitchburg. The quietest and one of the best-liked fellows in the deck department, Ray performed his duties as assistant section leader with silent efficiency despite his difficulties in talking his way out of false musters. Should an old joke go over like a lead balloon with the boys, tell it to Reino, and it's a good bet that he will be convulsed with laughter.

CHARLES JAMES HIGGINS *"Higgy"*
197 Moore Street, Lowell
Huntington Prep

Activities—Co. Commander Co. 4; Dance Committee '45; Softball Team.

Class wit, entertainer, imitator extraordinary, but most important, one of the better engineers to leave the "portals" of M.M.A. "Little Fellow" did much to boost our morale when we most needed it, with everything from an Old Howard adaptation to Joe Miller's newest joke. Under Charlie's capable leadership the "Fighting-Four" was always even money for a win on the drill day. Keep talking "Higgy," the best is yet to come and it's all yours.

PAUL A. JOHNSON JR. "*P.A.*"
58 Hughes Street, Quincy
Quincy High School

Activities—1st P.O. 2nd Co.; Band Manager.

"P.A." really likes the practical work of his nautical life which was clearly displayed on his last sea voyage. He must get his inspiration from a certain Alice who spends a mint on perfume and stationery. A well deserved rate was "P.A." thanks to Fore River and his burning desire to achieve the top honors. He's a busy body indeed—thanks to him a certain room is constantly up at the sound of the first sour note of that sad melody called reveille.

ROBERT L. KAUSERUD "*Bob*"
54 Estabrook Road, Quincy
Quincy High School

Activities—Battalion Commander; Football Team '45, '46; Rowing Team.

With the cry of "attention on deck" and a flash of gold braid, Robert L. Kauserud returns to the Academy after another victorious football fray, and once more the Academy resumes that businesslike air, for which he is no small way responsible, since he took over command of the battalion in June 1946. A reincarnation of his Viking ancestors, Bob possesses a passionate love for the sea, and it's a good bet that he will have his master's papers, before he reaches the ripe old age of twenty-five.

ARTHUR WILLIAM KERR "*Moo*"
3 Bucknam Street, Everett
Tufts College

Activities—Dance Committee '45, '46; Corpsman.

From the day "Moo" entered M.M.A., he forever spoke of the farm, chickens and milking the cows. In his book case you will find the latest farm journal. Nevertheless, "Art" has "made out" quite well as an engineer, but is deeply considering a 3/c fireman's rating in the C.G.'s. Returning on the "late train," it is more than obvious that "Art" is thoroughly occupied until the train arrives at station Bridgewater. Lately a certain someone has been dating him, namely "See Mc J.W.N." A reason for his acquiring the nickname of "Bitter Moo."

JOSEPH JOSLIN KESTENBAUM *"Kesty"* *"Joe"*
21 Gould Street, New Bedford
Georgetown University

Activities—Rowing Team; *Full and By;* MUSTER; Football '45; Century Club.

Right hand salute,—two, and Joseph Joslin Kestenbaum usually steps forward to receive his weekly quota of demerits. For his frequent misdemeanors Joe's record at the Academy could be referred to as a second edition of "Two Years before the Mast," and as a result of his desire to spend so many weekends in Hyannis, he became an expert handler of our Cape Cod knockabouts and a common figure at local regattas. . ."Yes Mr. Connors."

DANIEL R. KINNALY *"Doc"*
32 Carver Road, Watertown
Boston College High School

Activities—MUSTER.

Doc, another of B.C. High's stalwart sons who made the grade at M.M.A. although the issue often seemed in doubt. One of 1AD's staff of crack comedians who can see humor even under the most trying conditions. A fond believer in the theory that a man must eat, hence a common figure at the Mayflower during afternoon liberty. Candy wrappers always present an excellent clue to his whereabouts.

JOSEPH G. LANNAN JR. *"Big Stoop"* *"Joe"*
26 Meredith Circle, Milton
Milton High School

Activities—Softball Team.

"Hey Charlie, fix me up, will you?" Always beat the honor company below to mess even though his company was first a good part of the time. Never could hear reveille anyway! Often spoke to Eddie, Giorgi and Lukie of the advantages of knowing someone as famous as his Uncle Hyker, who really can "swing a deal." An exceptionally good student is Joe; the input wasn't anywhere near as great as his output. "Gee fellas, I can't have muscles and brains too, can I?"

WALTER IRVING LIPSITZ *"Lippy"*
97 Harvard Street, Everett
Massachusetts State College

Activities— Gunner's Mate '47; MUSTER.

A frequent topic of conversation at the Academy concerns the ability of its inhabitants in "rousing out" at reveille,—in this respect, Lippy has no equal. Always a strong contender for Lt. Parker's position, his true ambition consists of a burning desire to sail a bum-boat across the Dead Sea. Well-known for his amazing endurance tests in pressing a mattress against a spring for hours on end; Lippy is just a bit skeptical on giving us the details of his success—after all, who are we to say sailors are born and not made.

RICHARD ALLAN LUCAS *"Lukie"*
48 Elmhill Avenue, Roxbury
Boston University

Activities—Football '45, '46; Baseball Assistant Mananager.

Joining M.M.A.'s list of characters, we find B.U.'s contribution, "The Mole." Lukie showed great sportsmanship in his two years on the football squad and with his determination to make a hole for his team-mates in the backfield, he more than earned his nick-name. A good student, always ready with a slap on the back, we all know that he will continue to play his game of life with the same sportsmanship and determination as he has used here.

THOMAS J. LYNN *"Old Soldier"* *"Buna"*
10 Vale Street, Salem
Northeastern University

Activities—Football Team '45; Dance Committee '45, '46.

Constantly extolling the virtues of the North Shore. Tom may be found at any time on the main deck, either practicing the manual of arms or trimming his dungarees with salty stitching à la Bos'n Brenner. One of the best-liked fellows in the first-class deck, Tom starred in our football contests till he met his Waterloo at Andover. A real addition to the kingdom of Neptunus Rex.—"Old soldiers never die."

LESTER H. McLEAN "*Mac*"
274 Oak Street. Clinton
Clinton High School

Activities—Orchestra; Band.

With a cool, collective nature, "Mac" easily adapts himself to any situation which confronts him. His invaluable lip has made him one of the outstanding members of our band. At every dance held by the Academy, you can always be assured of "Mac's" amiable smile as you glide by the orchestra stand. "Swoop" and "Mac," both Clinton youths, were reared together as youngsters, remained side by side in high school and were fortunate enough to continue their companionhip throughout their sea-training careers. Lester's generous heart has gained him the true friendship of everyone.

JOHN FRANCIS McMANUS "*Mac*"
24 Hale Street, Beverly
St. John's Prep, Danvers

Activities—Rowing Crew; Sailing.

A salty character even before coming to the Academy, "Mac," who hails from Beverly and Marblehead, is one of the best sailors in the class. Usually quiet, he can, when necessary, speak up for what he considers right. Will be remembered as one of the first to receive a "good shove." At most any time he can be found under a cloud of smoke, enjoying his pipe. Everybody hopes he will have the situation in Maine well in hand before graduation as this matter is of great concern to the second cadet deck.

EDWARD T. McMULLEN JR. "*Swoop*"
1122 Main Street, Clinton
Clinton High School

Activities—2nd P.O. 2nd Co.

This fellow may be slight in stature, but his presence is always made known. "Swoop's" razor-edged temper has brought him many an argument; although not always emerging a victor, his friendship was never lost. Holding down 2nd P.O. of the 2nd Company, "Swoop's" commanding voice has snapped many an offender into line. Also known by another name, "Sudsy,"—the origin still remains a mystery—has more than the necessary perseverance to succeed in any undertaking that he attempts. Clinton has a right to be proud of his success.

JAMES W. MILNE JR. "*Big Jeem*"
52 Newfield Street, West Roxbury
Boston Technical High School

"Big Jeem," another machine shop ace intrusted to our care from Boston Technical High, has more than put his alma mater in the limelight. Despite a "trick" knee, his beaming smile and good nature have been bestowed on all of us at one time or another. The will to get ahead and the knowledge of the tools by which he is shaping his career all lead to a favorable future.

ERIC O. MINKINEN "*Rickey*"
Riverside, Gardner
Gardner High School

Rickey, the powerhouse from western Mass., has a quiet nature which accounts for his rarely being upset. His gymnastic ability as well as his track skill has won him the well-earned respect of many. During his long stay at the Academy, he found much spare time to devote to various forms of recreation. When sufficient liberty was at hand, Rickey could unquestionably be traced to New York. (No doubt the tall structures attracted him.) This seldom boastful blond is certainly a credit to M.M.A.

HARRY H. MISAKIAN "*Sakie*"
14 Wells Avenue, Watertown
Watertown High School

Activities—Football Team '45, '46; Dance Committee '45; Rally Committee '46.

William Shakespeare once said, "Life is but a stage" and so we meet Harry who is in perfect agreement with that saying. The class clown, "Sak" soon distinguished himself as the only one who, by merely flicking an eye lash, could have an entire class in a fit of laughter. The "Nose" was a great follower of the pigskin parade and made a name for himself in that sport, as any man who played opposite him will verify. Thanks for the brighter moments Harry, and good luck to one who deserves the best.

MICHAEL NICHOLAS MISOGIANES "*Mike*"
17 Eleventh Avenue, Haverhill
Haverhill Trade School

Activities—Football '45-'46; Basketball '46; Baseball '45; Machinist Mate.

Many Haverhillites have become alumni of M.M.A. after having won laurels for themselves for scholarship as well as leadership. Mike is no exception for he has established himself as a qualified machinist, capable leader, determined student, and a hard-running, hard-hitting halfback. Forever engaged in a duel of witticisms with the "Nose," Mike exhibited a keen sense of humor, explaining how he was able to withstand the constant ribbing given him by his classmates. His only difficulty was that of being heard, but this was readily overcome by his colleagues.

FLETCHER A. MISSUD "*Fletch*"
55 South Village Green, Ipswich
Salem High School

Activities—Rowing Crew, Sailing.

Known to be the wielder of a mighty stroke oar, Fletch's boats left many a rival churning in its wake. Although spending his last few months of residence on the main deck within an arms reach of Bowditch, he often came forth on Friday afternoons to provide the motive power for O'Connor's bus on those grim journeys through the Plymouth wilderness.

ROBERT F. MIZARAS "*Bob*" "*Miz*"
42 Tonawanda Street, Dorchester
Boston Latin School

Activities—Drill Master '46; Dance Committee '45, '46.

Long acknowledged as the "Poet Laureate" of M.M.A. "Miz" has that flair for the dramatic that never fails to set a young woman's heart a-flutter. His winning smile and woebegone expression radiated the warm and friendly atmosphere for which Room 13 was noted. Bob's theatrical ability in describing the terrors of the deep, left his audiences spellbound, along with his hair-raising accounts of summer night life on the "Cape."

WILLIAM REID MORRISON JR. *"Bill"* *"Doc"*
31 Payson Terrace, Belmont
Belmont High School

Activities—Class Treasurer; Dance Committee '45; Football Banquet '45; Football Dance '46; MUSTER '47.

A financial wizard—possessed with an uncanny knack for collecting funds. A polished speaker with the necessary sincerity to promote the interests of any venture in which he participates. Especially noted for his connections in foreign ports, "Doc" is a much sought confidant.

JOSEPH BRADISH NYE 3RD *"Joe"*
45 North Ash Street, Brockton
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Activities—1st Petty Officer Co. 3; Dance Committee '45; Sailing.

One of the top secret weapons produced by M.I.T. along with radar, atomic bombs, and loran was Joseph Bradish Nye III. After being transferred from that noted institution to M.M.A. in what was considered to be one of the major strategical moves of the war, he was revealed to the eyes of the future officers for the first time, and it was unanimously agreed upon, that here was a figure to be reckoned with. His business-like ability in the performance of his duties on the *Mariner* made an undying impression on all. With men like Nye in our Merchant Marine, it is assured that the United States will remain supreme in Maritime affairs.

WILLIAM FRANCIS O'DONNELL *"Bill"* *"Herm"*
Hospital Road, Medfield
Medfield High School

Activities—Football Dance '45; Football Banquet '45; *Full and By;* MUSTER.

A disciple of E.B. Rideout—always on hand with the latest weather report, "Herm" is well prepared to combat the perils of the sea with his meteorological knowledge. Has a profound interest in atomic energy as evidenced by his outside reading habits. . . Is most famous for saying, "I didn't do it, sir," while sleeping.

WILLIAM JOSEPH PARKER JR. *"Bill"*
Strawberry Hill Acres, Concord
Concord High School

Activities—Football Team '45, '46.

Hidden behind a stern countenance lies a heart of gold and a keen sense of appreciation of the finer things in life. Bill's lectures on "The Care and Feeding of Chickens" were intellectually enjoyable as well as an effective method of maintaining order in a noisy section. Always calm, cool, and collected, Bill was one of the mainstays on our exceptionally fine football team, where his end-play was outstanding. To a born leader, whose bark is worse than his bite, the best is none too good.

JOHN PAULSON *"Jelly"*
19 Southworth Street, Brockton
Tufts College

Activities—2nd P.O. Co. 6; Electrician's Mate; Male Chorus.

A wholesome smile awaits all who enter Room 23 but watch out, it moves fast. Known by the expression, "It must be jelly because jam don't shake that way." John came to us from Tufts but credit is given to Brockton. From his records here, we not only find him a good scholar but one of our outstanding electricians. He also has brought booming support to the baritone section of the Glee Club. Here's to a "shocking" tomorrow in the electricity field, John.

LAWRENCE G. PETERSON JR. *"Pete"* *"Larry"*
164 Farrington Street, Wollaston
North Quincy High School

Activities—Football Dance Committee; *Full and By;* MUSTER.

"Ready," "standing by," "mark," and Lawrence Peterson has just completed the one thousandth sight he has taken that week, on the good ship *American Mariner*. In spite of taking so many lines of position and meridian altitudes, Larry found time to memorize the tables in HO 214 and Ageton, and later was a stalwart member of the *Full and By* staff. His unceasing literary efforts in behalf of the MUSTER, and his jovial smile in the better liberty towns on the cruise have become part of the traditions at M.M.A.

EDWARD PHILLIPS "*Ehnos*" "*Ed.*"
30 Sheafe Street, Brookline
St. Sebastian's, Newton

Activities—Softball Team; Century Club Member.

An outstanding hockey player while at St. Sebastian's, Ed was dismayed to find that sport not in existence at M.M.A. However he recovered from this initial shock and went on to make friends with everyone (there were a few exceptions) and could be counted on to help out at any time. Now our boy from Brookline takes his leave from M.M.A. with many fond memories of drawing classes, room 16, and all that goes with it.

CARLTON LANGLEY PIERPONT "*Jowls*"
85 Williams Street, Worcester
St. Mark's, Southboro

Activities—Rowing Crew; Drill Team; Rifle Team '45; Dance Committee; '47 MUSTER.

As the sweet, sonorous, qualities of this name first shattered the tranquillity of M.M.A., little did the "upper jobs" realize the trials and tribulations about to be brought down upon them, by it. Carlton reached the height of his career as a young man and became the hero of "A" section on the *Pilot*. Responsible for the excellent discipline in the 1st company, Mr. Pierpont went about his duties as 2nd P.O. with the coolness of a veteran and later became an expert on the Charles Henry Davis theory of Atomic Bomb Defense.

PAUL FLAVIAN POWERS "*Flavian*"
8 Ruskin Street, West Roxbury
St. Mary's, Brookline

Activities—Football '45, '46; Baseball '45, '46; Sailing.

Quiet, unassuming, and easy to get along with, coupled with good looks, an ever-present smile and a hearty laugh makes "Flavian" one of the best-liked men in the class. His efforts on the mound and his ability to call signals in the backfield did much in providing us with an outstanding baseball and football team. A master of the horizontal, he could sleep anytime and anywhere. May your fortunes be as many as your friends.

BERNHARD CARL PUCKHABER JR.
"*Bernie*" "*Puck*"
22 Francis Avenue, Holyoke
Admiral Farragut Academy

Activities—Full and By; MUSTER; Male Chorus; Softball Team Manager.

An old "salt" from Farragut, Bernie had the jump on the rest of us where jargon and ways of the sea were concerned. Puck led a busy life as an underclassman for he had developed the knack of sleeping under his sack as well as on it; this act he later put to good use. Although he has a quick temper, it is neutralized and overcome by his willingness to forgive and forget. Bernie has the knowledge, desire, and ability to do things and, because of this, there will be no stopping him. Go to it, Puck.

HENRY TRACY RONAN "*Hank*"
348 Essex Street, Salem
Boston College

In spite of spending many of his classroom periods in the land of Nod, Henry was considered to be a good practical man by his classmates. As a result of his tap dancing ability at parties in lower No. 2 and his vain attempts to loosen a turnbuckle with his skull, he early became a figure of note on the good ship *American Pilot*. The sparkplug of his company, Hank's military appearance aided immeasurably in adding honors to the reputation of the "fighting sixth."

ROBERT R. SAARI "*Bob*"
35 Olga Avenue, Worcester
Commerce High School, Worcester

Activities—1st Petty Officer Co. 5; Dance Committee '45; Rowing Crew; *Full and By*.

Another of Worcester's gifts to M.M.A. Bob has won many friends during his two years here on the Cape. As a member of the *Full and By* staff he did a great deal to help make the sheet a reality. Armed with his 35mm camera Bob shot a pictorial record of our Caribbean cruise and he has received many requests for copies of the beautiful, professional-like prints now in his album. Now Bob, it's all part of the unforgettable past and may you have continued clear sailing as you make ready to embark on the vast sea of life.

DONALD KENNETH SALANDER *"Teddy Bear"*
17 Webster Street, Taunton
Northeastern University

Activities—Full and By; MUSTER.

We first knew this good-natured, blond, "Swede" as "Teddy Bear," custodian of a fuzzy crew-cut, his ability to agitate a discussion and then to stand back to enjoy the heat of the argument while throwing on few well placed logs of sarcasm is uncanny. D.K. not only collects musical records but also has a record of being consistently on the 4.0 list. Far from being a book worm, he has done much to revive the school paper and help edit the yearbook. The hair has grown, but he still is and always will be "one of the boys."

SUEL GRANT SHANNON *"Swill"*
310 Washington Avenue, Chelsea
Wentworth Institute

Activities—1st P.O. 6th Co.; Softball Team; Band and Orchestra; Glee Club, Director.

Joining our ranks, from Wentworth Institute, we find the Academy crooner. As first petty officer of the 6th, he was found to be both efficient and willing to help. Besides playing on the cymbals or carrying the bass drum, Suel also found time to take over as Assistant Director of the Glee Club, and attempt pitching for the soft-ball team. Both easy going and easily satisfied, he will undoubtedly make good in his chosen field. Take heed though, "Don't let your voice carry you away."

WILLIAM MICHAEL SMITH *"Snuffy"*
1 North Street, Hyannis
Barnstable High School

Activities—Football Team; Band.

When "Snuffy" moved down the street a block, he brought with him, in his sea-bag, a wonderful sense of humor, an even disposition, a predominantly pleasant personality, and a trombone, all of which he immediately put to use and never returned to said sea-bag. If he had only let the horn rest in peace, but then everyone is entitled to at least one peccadillo. Bill's heart is as big as his appetite and his smile is incessant as the tides. Bottoms up, "Snuf."

RICHARD S. THOMPSON *"Dicky"*
Pond Street, South Yarmouth
Barnstable High School

Activities—Co. Comdr. Co. 1; Sailing Captain.

With a roar of engines and a screech of brakes, Dicky Thompson usually wound up an afternoon of back-breaking ship's work as jockey of the command car. Affectionately known as junior to his classmates, Dick had the reputation of keeping a quiet and efficient study hall. He gained much valuable experience in handling men while marching last to mess.

STANLEY ALBERT TORREY *"Stan"*
East Sandwich
Henry T. Wing High School

Activities—First Petty Officer; Rifle Team; Rowing Crew.

The outdoor type; a rugged individualist whose background will stand him in good stead in his chosen profession. Forever genial in the face of all obstacles, "Stan" is possessed with unusual common sense and an unlimited capacity for learning. Is valued by all as a true friend.

ANTHONY MICHAEL VILLANO *"Chink"*
94 Prospect Street, Marlboro
Marlboro High School

Activities—Football Team '45, '46; Baseball; Dance Committee '45.

This quiet boy from Marlboro who sparked the football squad to four shut-outs this past season will undoubtedly continue to show great sportsmanship where ever he may be. "Chink" also covered the "hot corner" on the baseball nine, letting few runners "pass on." A good student with a determination to get ahead and easy-going way of life all lead to a splendid career at sea. Always ready with a smile, we know whom to turn to if in need for encouragement or dry humor.

EDWARD JOSEPH WALL JR. "*Bulkhead*" "*Ed*"
32 Melbourne Avenue, Melrose
Harvard University

Activities—Dance Committee '45, '46; Softball Team.

An ex-Harvard student who came to M.M.A. full of vim and vigor also ready, willing and fit to roll up his sleeves and give Uncle Sam a hand in the scrap he got himself into. It wasn't much after the day that Ed logged aboard for duty when he discovered that he was going to sea on the *American Pilot*. Here's where he made his greatest discovery there are no "Walls" in ships; they're "Bulkheads"!!

RICHARD WILLIAM WALLACE "*Dick*"
282 North Main Street, North Brookfield
Tabor Academy, Marion

Activities—Football '45, '46, Manager; Basketball '45, '46; MUSTER; 2nd P.O. 5th Co.

The shaded area behind "Tanktop" Willis will usually reveal, upon close inspection, the person of Richard William Wallace—a staunch keeper of the gear closet and quencher of the athletes' thirsts. A B.T.O. in his own right, "Dick" is known as one of the few middies who can really work and yet know how to play. A timeless laborer for the MUSTER in his capacity of Editor, he will be remembered for the weird conferences with other parties in the reception room.

ALFRED HENRY WALTER "*Walt*" "*Alfy*"
132 Naples Road, Brookline
Berkeley Prep.

Activities—Dance Committee; Cheer Leader; Rifle Team '45; *Full and By*.

Small of stature but strong in spirit, never at a loss for words, his generosity being only exceeded by his varied multitude of big ideas, "Alfy" will best be remembered as one of M.M.A.'s first corpsmen, a consistent member of the color guard and the proud possessor of D. Van Nostrand's Scientific Encyclopedia. Al has our support on anything he may finally decide to undertake.

LEON R. WARREN *"Tacky"*
389 Park Street, West Roxbury
Boston Technical High School

Activities—1st P.O. 4th Co.; Orchestra.

"Tacky" Warren, the Academy's rhythm boy hails from West Roxbury. Without a doubt this man can hold more people in suspense and anticipation by his unexpected movements. As a battalion officer, he was always found ready and willing to guide under-classmen along as any member of the awkward squad can readily verify. A good student with a definite determination to see his own aims carried out, he'll go far.

LEONARD WEINBERG *"Lenny"*
23 Wabeno Street, Roxbury
Boston University

Activities—Dance Committee '45; *Full and By;* '47 MUSTER.

As taps, that sweetest of all bugle calls, sings through the dormitory nightly, it never fails to bring to mind Lenny's excellent monotone droning through that same song during those brutal months on our first cruise. The first fellow in our class to get demerits, Weinberg blazed the trail down which his classmates constantly travelled in alarming numbers. Possessed of a cheerful and friendly disposition he nevertheless managed to maintain order in the study halls, for which he has the sincere, heartfelt thanks of his classmates.

RICHARD E. WEST *"Dick"*
Main Road, Edgartown
Fordham University

Activities—Sub Company Commander Co. 5; Dance Committee '46; Rowing and Sailing Crews; MUSTER.

Martha's Vineyard lost its leading citizen on that gloomy day in February when young Dick West made that long-awaited voyage to the mainland and took up residence in that thriving metropolis of Hyannis for the next two years. A disciple of the salty Westerberg school, Dick's beaming face, good disposition, and ever present eagerness for a good time will be an asset to any ship which may be fortunate enough to secure his services.

RICHARD G. WEST *"Honk" "Dick"*
18 Fiske Street, Worcester
Worcester Academy

Into the East, down from the hills comes Worcester's own—Dick West. Better known to his classmates for his early morning marches, "Dick" is frequently in the center of things. We thank him for his lectures on "military bearing" to underclassmen, which were a benefit to everyone concerned. Always "bobbing" and weaving through ranks, he is constantly delving into "Stratosphere" work with a certain amateur meteorologist and never has to worry about being late. Honk!

JOHN CHARLES WESTERBERG *"J.C." "Westy"*
3 Strathmore Road, Brookline
Berkeley Preparatory School

Activities—Gunner's Mate; Dance Committee '45; '46.

Here he is folks, John Charles Westerberg, one of the Academy's most talented Casanovas, who is blessed with such personal magnetism, wit and charm, that even fishes in Lewis Bay have been known to fall for his line. John created such a sensation in Bermuda with his quaint Academy lingo that the local papers devoted a full column to its translation in English, for the benefit of the native populace. Can be found at any time drinking "Gobo" and "nailing down" on the mess deck.

JOSEPH ARTHUR WHEBLE JR. *"Chief"*
19 Shea Street, Quincy
Quincy High School

Activities—Sub-company Comdr.; Softball Team.

A member of the softball team and Sub-company comdr. of the second company, the "Chief" was one of Quincy's many contributions to our sparkling institution. He too will undoubtedly join the ranks of his family in this their chosen field.

As we have all heard many times, let it not be forgotten that, "My father's a Chief, my brother's a Chief, and I'm going to be a Chief." Without a doubt you will find your goal, Art, and we are all behind you.

HERBERT FISHER WILLIS "*Dumbo*" "*Herby*"
1083 West Elm Extension, Brockton
Brockton High School

Activities—Football '45, '46; Basketball Manager; Rowing Crew.

Dashing, debonair, manipulator of big deals, Herby has long been considered one of Brockton's more noteworthy gifts to the world. Largely responsible for our excellent relations with Latin America as he personally took it upon himself to cement our friendship in this field, both in New York, and on the last cruise. With first aid kit in hand Herb is without a doubt one of the more impressive figures at our gridiron contests, and a constant stimulant for our morale.—Oh yes!

☆ ⚓ ⚓ ⚓ ☆

Among Those Missing

DeChellis, Paul, 221 West St., Walpole, Mass.

Edwards, Alvin C., 5 Ramshead Rd., Medford, Mass.

Flynn, William, 3 Wadsworth St., Danvers, Mass.

Gruber, Maxwell L., 108 Summer St., Maynard, Mass.

Klein, Ralph J., Mudnock Rd., Salisbury, Mass.

Peterson, Irving C., 233 Weld St., Roslindale, Mass.

Putnam, Eliot Lee, 38 Summer St., Cohassett, Mass.

Sagansky, Robert, 168 Garden Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Sheehan, John F., 871 Main St., Millis, Mass.

Class Ring

One of Capt. Copeland's varied accomplishments is the designing of the official ring of the Academy, a ring which may be seen in all four corners of the world. The ring, designed when Capt. Copeland was the executive officer aboard the schoolship *Nantucket*, at first sold for only twenty-five dollars and was made by Bailey, Banks, and Biddle and Company.

The ring is a lasting symbol to the graduate of the position he has attained and of the knowledge of the sea which is his. Looking closely at it, a little thought brings to light the comprehensiveness of its design.

At the very base of the design on either side is seen markings representing waves. Above the waves on one side is the anchor, symbol of the deckmen, and on the opposite side the propeller, badge of the engineers. Flanking the Massachusetts State seal on one hand and the United States shield on the other is the Trident of the sea-god Neptune and the sword of Authority. Above the State seal and the United States shield, and under the protective wings of the American eagle, are the dolphins, representing great activity and excellence of performance, while around the stone on the top of the ring is the chain which binds all graduates together in a brotherhood, the chain of Everlasting Fellowship.

Although only a handful of the rings were acquired over the first few years of its existence, it has now become a recognized part of the Maritime Academy. This ring will make new and lasting friends for all the graduating Midshipmen in any and every part of the shipping world.

First Class Log

One bleak and dreary day in February, 1945, some seventy-odd of Massachusetts choice sons alighted from the Boston train at Hyannis Station and made their way up the road and down the driveway to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. "This is it," we kept saying to ourselves—"this is what we have been waiting for." As we drew nearer we sighted heads projecting from every window in the dormitory. We didn't understand the strange smirk on the faces nor could we fathom out why they kept yelling "Go back" and "You'll be sorry." (It is surprising how fast one catches on.)

We met the o.o.w. (bearing the same smirk) who gave us our room numbers and whose orderly (with a sympathetic expression) showed us the way. The third class had reported aboard. No sooner had we dropped our suitcases when we were told to report to the gundeck to draw gear. There Moe Projectilehead and the boys gave us our first taste of C.P.I. "If it's too big it'll shrink—if it's too small it'll stretch." Books, shoes, insignia, scivvies, blues, and a mass of other gear were piled before us. Stenciling, rolling, stopping,

rules and reg. and receiving general indoctrination as "young men" by most capable instructors, took up our time thereafter. Not to be outdone the Medical Department extended to us the glad hand—with a needle concealed within. This ceremony took place every Friday until that big day when the pharmacist's mates declared a field day and we got "it" in each arm. Meanwhile each new cadet had gone through the solemn ritual of packing his civilian clothes in his bag. But oh so reluctantly!

And thus the time went by as we gradually became accustomed to the routine and what was expected of us. (Ceiling unlimited.) We found that walls were bulkheads, floors were decks, and ceilings became overheads. We went up ladders, stowed gear and logged "in." No longer did we use the conventional "Yeah" or "No" for now it was "Aye Aye, Sir" or "No Sir." We became experts in the use of swabs, ki-yis, fox-tails, and scoops.

We were prepared, unofficially, that is, for air raids and hurricane calls. There was much to learn but there were many to

teach us and so, when cruise time came to M.M.A. we were ready—we thought.

Just three weeks had elapsed since we entered the Academy to the time we went ashore on pre-cruise leave (leave that is—not a vacation) and yet we had been reborn. After a short—so very short—rest at home we found ourselves back at the "home" for a night and the following morn we left Hyannis-by-the-sea for New York and the *U.S.M.S.T.S. American Pilot*. By train to 125th St. Station, via bus to Fort Schuyler, and over the gangplank to the decks of the *Pilot*.

Our education began anew. We soon caught on how to when entering hatches, to trice up sack and, in general, how to become a salt—third class. Fathommeters, range finders, helm watches, back pressure burners and bilges became a part of our every day routine. We were alerted for abandon ship drills, fire drills, collision drills and "lower 2" drills. Sack drills were also held but only the first class participated. Our vocabulary grew by leaps and bounds with such additions as scuttlebutts, gobo, nails, and others not mentionable. Volumes could be written of our three months in New York, the *Pilot*, the liberties we made, the Chester House, the steaks at Jack's, the "excursions" up the Sound, the G.A. Club, and on payday the Diamond Horseshoe or the 400 Restaurant. It had its serious side, though. Two events of great national—even international importance occurred while we were sailing the Sound. One day in April an announcement was made that stunned the entire world. One of the greatest leaders of our time, America's beloved President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had passed away; on to the world where war did not exist. Then in the following month the much-awaited V-E day became a reality. Thus the day toward which F.D.R. and the United Nations had worked endlessly was a definite date on the calendar.

As the minds of the world's leaders turned toward the ultimate victory in the Pacific the minds of the midshipmen turned toward thoughts of home. Soon we were riding the rails again—Massachusetts bound. A glorious ten days at home and then back to Hyannis—the second class reporting aboard.

Life was made somewhat lighter by the presence of a brand new uninitiated third class. However we were by no means neglected. Happy Hank and his followers (of which there were few) were constantly reminding us of their presnce and of our subordinate standing. But there were other moments, among these were the several dances held in the auditorium during the summer months. Each dance was better than the one before, as each class tried to outdo the other. Our own

Academy dance band very capably provided the music for these affairs and long to be remembered are Flip's great trumpet solos of Stardust, Lester's sax abilities, and Tacky's percussion work.

V-J day came quite suddenly and after staging an impromptu celebration of our own on the campus, the entire battalion was given liberty.

The football season came and went and shortly we were home eating the traditional turkey (or a wartime facsimile.) December was upon us with our time taken up by basketball games, Christmas preparations, interclass snowball fights, and dreams of the forthcoming leave. The highlight of the month was the football banquet so wonderfully arranged by our one and only Comdr. "Toot" Ellis. The decorating committee went all out and through the medium of posters, pennants, crepe and hundreds of other incidentals transformed the auditorium into an ultra banquet hall. After a superb dinner with all the fixings, speakers of the evening were introduced, these being Commodore Bassett, Commander Thompson, Commander Ellis, Coach Bob Shertzer, Team Captain Anderson, and Captain-elect Villano. Special guests were Commissioner Storer, Judge Frankland Miles, who will long be remembered for his loyal support of the team, Jack Shepherd the famous artist from the entertainment world, Leo Shields former All-American end from Holy Cross and present coach at Barnstable High School, and last but by no means least Swede Nelson former Harvard Coach and football official.

Christmas arrived with all its joy and merriment—plus a ten-day leave. We returned on the initial day of 1946 and were soon engrossed in preparations for exams. February was taken up with plans for our Caribbean cruise. Not all our energy was consumed by these events. Consequently with no obvious means of releasing this reserved energy nature intervened and so it happened. The inevitable result came one rainy evening when a great siege of hostilities broke out. Ashcans were falling, the ship's bell was ringing; the shrill clanging of the fire alarm filled the corridors while the thumping sound produced by the pounding of 200 rifle butts on the decks; all these reinforced by miscellaneous outbursts here and there combined to give the effect of an artillery barrage as featured a major naval engagement. The reaction to the pulling of the main switch plus the lighting of brilliant railroad flares did much to enliven the evening's activities as did the contrasting sorrowful, woeful, and pitiful expression on the "floor walker." Eventually, however, the late hour began to show on the merrymakers

and soon everyone (there was one exception) was slumbering peacefully in his sack.

Home again for a short pre-cruise leave to bid our fond farewells. On 1 March the 187 members of the Battalion of Midshipmen boarded the *U.S.M.S.T.S. American Mariner* at State Pier at Buzzards Bay. It was midafternoon when the *Mariner* pointed her bow up the Cape Cod Canal. We swung about in Massachusetts Bay, went back through the Canal past the Pier. With the blasting of horns behind us, we looked at one another and said "Caribbean, here we come!"

We were exposed to Charleston's southern hospitality (that's what the Chamber of Commerce called it). St. Thomas with all its tropical splendor, the modern facilities of San Juan, enchanting Kingston and native Colon. Up the Gulf to Galveston, to Havana where everyone and everything is swaying, making our next to last stop at beautiful, colorful Bermuda. So it was that after three months of palms, squalls, bum-boats and cantinas the *Mariner* was once more alongside the State Pier. The gangplank went over the side followed by hundreds of sea chests and sea bags. The Pier was jammed as everyone tried to find sons, brothers, or boy friends among the deeply-tanned faces peering over the rail. It was not long (it seemed like ages) before the battalion of 200 strong, dismissed by Comdr. Thompson, poured down onto the dock to receive the fond greetings of parents, brothers, sisters, and others (!). Gradually (in sixty seconds flat) the crowd dispersed — the middies were home for a 16-day leave.

Two weeks of sleeping, eating—and so forth. Everywhere we went, everyone we met—it was the same old questions. "How was the trip? How's it feel to be home again? Were you seasick? Was it hot down there? But as the saying goes, "all good things must come to an end." Our leave over we returned to the Academy on 16 June—the first class reporting aboard. The day of liberation was at hand. We had finally broken the last link in the chain that had bound us as "young men." We were at the top of the ladder, the high and mighty, the rating class—the new regime. With Bob Kauserud and Jack Flaherty as battalion heads and a host of efficient company officers, a bright future was assured. We sincerely believe that seldom before in M.M.A. history has there been a first class that has operated as much in unison and as efficiently as this one. Through the effort of Bob and Jack and the understanding and cooperation of our Superintendent and Executive

Officer the class was granted extra privileges that no other previous class had received. During our reign the band increased its membership, a male chorus was formed with approximately half a hundred members, new life and revised form was given to the *Full and By*, the baseball team soared to great heights in the Cape League while the football squad went on to win its share of victories including the 21-0 win over Maine Maritime Academy.

In July the one star flag of Commodore C. O. Bassett, U.S.N.R. was lowered ceremoniously, the occasion being the transfer of command from Commodore Bassett to Captain Howard G. Copeland U.S.N.R. Our new Superintendent already has done much to benefit the battalion and at the same time has through the results of his efforts, brought favor and respect to the Academy as a whole. Subchaser cruises were added to the week-end schedule and while they meant the forfeiture of a long weekend liberty, the practical knowledge and operating experience obtained on these trips more than warranted such a sacrifice. These cruises also afforded the midshipmen the opportunity to visit the lower Cape and the surrounding islands, as well as Providence and Newport, R. I.

The summer flew by and it was not long before Labor Day was upon us. Summer had come and gone —and so had the vacationists, particularly the younger set. The quiet September air was broken one weekend when eighty graduates boarded for their Alumni Weekend. Sailing parties, a sub-chaser trip, the banquet, and Academy movies highlighted their visit so a good time was had by all.

In October Hyannis was invaded by fifty of our rivals from Castine, Maine. It was the occasion of the precedent-setting football game between the Maine and Massachusetts Maritime Academies. The game, which incidentally we won 21-0, was followed by a buffet luncheon in the auditorium and later by an informal dance at the Legion Hall. A bevy of beautiful girls was imported from various colleges to be partners to the visiting Maine cadets. The music (supplied by our own dance combo), the decorations, the game, the guests, the luncheon, and the intimate, informal atmosphere; all these factors contributed toward making the weekend the rousing success that it was. It was indeed a credit to those who participated in its preparations.

Routine returned to normal, with the usual musters, turn-tos, classes, liberties and the numerous other incidentals that face the constituents of Academy life. On

Armistice Day the Battalion of Midshipmen and the Academy Band participated in the local parade, the feature of which was the address offered by our own Capt. Copeland. As the turkey cries became louder and louder we realized Thanksgiving Day was rapidly approaching. In less time than it takes to write, it had come and gone and the minds of the midshipmen turned toward the Christmas leave.

However fate (or should I say John L. Lewis) intervened, and the leave arrived well ahead of Christmas. Due to serious coal shortages caused by the nation-wide walkout of coal miners, the Academy suspended normal operation for a little over a week.

The strike settled, the miners returned to work and the cadets did likewise. Everyone buckled down in earnest during those few weeks that stood between them and Christmas; the reason for this abnormal determination being the announcement that our Christmas leave had been jeopardized by the previous suspension of studies. It would be, only as a result of hard concentrated studies on the part of every midshipman, that the fall holiday leave would be granted. Our efforts were not in vain for on the 21st day of December, the Battalion logged ashore.

Returning on 2 January, the Corps was somewhat depleted. The second class was still at home, scheduled to return to Hyannis on the following day, and then to embark on their cruise on the day after that. While the first class was preparing for license exams and graduation day, the third class dreamed of the days to follow said graduation. As the final weeks of our stay at M.M.A. went by, we then realized we were finished—through—finis. Our two years have been memorable ones, full of moments of both joy and sadness; two years which are a milestone in our young lives, years which will serve as a springboard into the future—how well we make use of it, will determine our success.

CRUISES

American Mariner

March 1—June 1, 1946

Charleston

On March 1st, 1946, the Battalion of Midshipmen boarded the *USMSTS American Mariner* at Buzzards Bay and set sail for Charleston, South Carolina on the first leg of the 13,000 mile Caribbean cruise.

After a four-day turn-to, we pulled into Charleston on March 5, and were promptly welcomed by all the city officials who promised to make our stay an eventful one.

The beautiful cypress gardens and parks of Charleston attracted many, while several Midshipmen journeyed to the Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, to watch the regiment pass in review.

The Seamans Club, a former estate, offered the best food we had seen since leaving home and at reasonable prices.

On our last liberty in Charleston, the Propeller Club entertained us at a tea dance and invited 50 beautiful young women from the swank Ashley Hall School for Girls. Among these were many of the famous names in Southern society. After five hours of heaven the dance concluded, and the girls boarded the bus to go back to school. Several of the Midshipmen rode back on the bus to see the haven of these gorgeous creatures and it was agreed that Charleston had really gone all-out and shown us "Southern Hospitality."

St. Thomas, V. I.

Our second port of call, and the first in the Caribbean, was beautiful St. Thomas, V.I., formerly a Danish possession, but now under the flag of the United States. The *Mariner* moored at a coaling dock in Charlotte Amalie on a cloudless March morning, and was greeted by most of the negro population eagerly awaiting the men from the mainland bearing the "Yankee dollar." In exchange for the aforementioned, they offered sundry articles for sale, shouting in English and Danish with a light negro drawl. Shining taxis were plentiful to convey us into the tile-roofed mecca of shops that dotted the shore across the bay. Coca-Cola, ice cream, popsicles, hand painted conch shells, gayly colored bean and shell necklaces, and famous St. Thomas bay rum by the case were among the articles offered for sale. Several of the more enterprising midshipmen were engaged in bartering via heaving lines and buckets before the gangway was secured. Shortly thereafter a flotilla of roughly hewn bumboats was observed heading in our direction from the opposite shore. It was evident that the divers had become well acquainted with American tourists in former years, as pennies produced nothing but a lustrous array of native ivories and a shout for "silver, chief, silver."

The first liberty party ashore discovered that what they had viewed from a distance during that anxious first morning was a rum factory, and a little to the right in reference to the ship—picturesque Denmark Hill and the Governor's Palace. What had nestled in the hills a few points on the port bow was found to be the Castle of the once notorious Bluebeard, now a very desirable eating and drinking place. The town itself embodied the old and new within its bounds, and it was not uncommon to see classic examples of Spanish architecture side by side, with modernistic dwellings. Subsequent taxi trips to the hills and around the island substantiated the fact that here was a veritable tropical paradise untainted by the hand of man.

On the second day of liberty several of the cadets participated in a baseball game with the local colored contingent; and found that, despite the islands' remote geographical position, our tanned cousins played a top-notch brand of baseball.

Numerous midshipmen fulfilled their desire to drink a Planters Punch while in the tropics, properly consumed after the sun has transitted the meridian. Among the places where the Punch was tested were the Villa Algua, Hotel 1829, Bluebeard's Castle, and the fashionable Estate Contant. It was the last mentioned that won a permanent place in the hearts of those fortunate enough to attend the dance held there for officers and cadets.

The facilities of the Officers Beach Club were made available to all hands; and it was here that we first realized the beauty of the palm tree, and found that it gave much needed protection to our fair northern complexions.

Four days after we had arrived, the *Mariner* weighed anchor and put out to sea, infinitely heavier with the weight of souvenirs, and heavily scented by cases of bay rum. Even now, pleasant memories of St. Thomas drift back to us, especially after shaving, when the invigorating scent of Bay Rum brings back visions of clear tropic nights with the open spaces for a bedroom and the starlit sky for a blanket. Although it was our first contact with life in the torrid zone, shades of those joyful days will be the last to depart from our mortal minds until we meet our Pilot and have crossed the Bar, then on to San Juan.

HOTEL 1829

San Juan

From the Virgin Islands the *Mariner* made the third leg of her journey in less than a day's time. Three hours before the approach of dusk she passed into the entrance of San Juan's harbor and was securely docked in Puerto Rico's capital. What we were to discover about San Juan was beautifully symbolized upon the ship's entrance into the bay by ancient, picturesque Morro Castle on the right hand and Puerto Rico's International Airport on the left—a symbol of the modern, progressive world side by side with the old world of Spanish influence and nonprogressiveness, the latter perhaps overshadowing the other in our American minds.

When the partially painted *Mariner* was moored and the rat guards were in place on the lines, we managed to find a few of those precious "free" minutes which we treasured so much, and they were used in that popular sport, "lean over the bow rails and gas with the girls." Our proud ship was moored on what seemed on that first evening to be the city's Main Street. Broad on the starboard bow could be seen La Riviera, scene of many intelligent get-to-gethers and subject of "beautiful" memories. Dead ahead, in the street and in the water, were the sunny faces of Puerto Rico's youth, smiling sweetly up at the gaping Americanos, and on the port bow a tall white building behind a square, where on Sundays the citizenry gathered in part to relax and listen to the "younger set" beat out their incessant rhythms on five-gallon, three-gallon, and one-gallon cans.

Liberty of course was the most interesting feature of this beautiful port and by most of us it was well spent. All agreed that the countryside was colorful and quaint, but so were the New Paradise, the Chicago, and the unforgettable La Riviera. The city and the country were never two more different districts than here, however. A tour was arranged whereby we could catch a glimpse of the sugar cane plantations, the ox carts, the rolling hills, the beautiful estates, and although it was not outside of San Juan, Morro Castle, the old Spanish fort overlooking the harbor, AND "Skid Row." It is not known whether any brave salt among us ever dared venture into "Skid Row" but it is assumed to the contrary, as to date none of us has been declared "lost in action."

In true tourist spirit we all jammed our lockers with taracas, coconut shell rings, bananas, and films exposed to the scenes of San Juan's home life, and with that typical pep we all know so well spent our last day and night as we had spent the others, roaming the streets and seeing for the last time our beloved rendezvous. The next morning, after four days in Puerto Rico, "Our Career" let go the lines and headed for the open Caribbean. None had the slightest idea how he was going to wangle a few more dollars from the next man, but he didn't care much. San Juan had dissolved our paychecks and it had been well worth it. We turned our backs on San Juan with happy memories.

Puerto Rico
The Island

Kingston, Jamaica

Continuing our trek across the Spanish main, we arrived in the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica on a misty April morning, and were somewhat dismayed by the British buoyage system. After threading our way through the maze of buoys, we arrived in the inner harbor to await a dock, and were immediately swarmed by legions of bumboats offering lignum vitae handicraft goods, straw baskets, and rum in exchange for the Yankee dollar, cigarettes, and clothing. A heated morning of trade came to an abrupt halt shortly after noon mess, when it was declared forbidden to trade over the side via heaving lines and pails. That evening we were supplied with British currency and briefed regarding our conduct ashore.

Early on the next morn the *Mariner* weighed anchor and proceeded to a United Fruit Dock, where we were once again greeted by the individuals from the bumboats, who had set up a market place the length of the dock. Laundry service, haircuts, souvenirs, taxis, and cards advertising the more lively local establishments were offered. A few docks away on our port hand, the British Heavy Cruiser *Birmingham*, en route home from the wars, was tied up for a friendly visitation to Jamaica. Right close nearby was the famous city of Port Royal, a mere settlement in comparison to the once wealthy town that now lies sunken in a watery grave. In the heart of Kingston another monument of those long forgotten days was located, in the form of the Admiral Benbow Inn. The cadets at once set out in expectation of a joyous stay in this colorful town, but found, to their dismay, that the greater part of Jamaica's color lay in books and travel folders. The main points of interest in the town were the luxurious Myrtle Bank Hotel and nearby Constant Springs where several hours were whiled away in the spacious cool waters of beautifully tiled swimming pools. The town also possessed the home of the world re-nowned Myers Rum, where free samples of all types of rum concoctions were offered.

During our stay the Academy baseball team engaged in a heated contest with a team of Cuban Semi-professionals, and after several near riotous arguments, emerged victorious. The main feature of the day, however, proved to be the subsequent softball contest between two local feminine contingents flashily attired in multi-hued bloomers.

The most pleasant memories of Jamaica were the two dances sponsored by the U.S.O. The Academy Orchestra performed admirably, and several sultry, tanned-skinned English and Spanish girls were on hand to make those affairs a tremendous success.

Five days after our arrival the *Mariner* once again proceeded to sea amid the same setting under which she had arrived. The colored merchants, who had become by this time a nuisance, still clung tenaciously to their market place along the apron of the wharf in search of the last few Yankee dollars. The majority on board the *Mariner* were disillusioned by the comparison between the Kingston of the travel folders and the town itself. However, it did present a good opportunity to view the British colonial system, get a glimpse of Britain's mighty fleet, and visit the land of the buccaneers three centuries after. Despite the disappointment in the town itself, several pleasant memories of a good time amid the better sections of town accompanied us as we sailed onward to Panama and new adventures.

ARBOUR STREET

Cristobal, Panama Canal

Panama, crossroads of the world, link of the Americas, and gateway to the Pacific was the next port of call. In the early morning of Sunday, April *7th*, the *Mariner* slid gracefully up to Pier 6 of the government docks, nosing to within a few yards of the palm-line drive leading into Cristobal, the American section of the city on the Atlantic side of the Canal. The inter-relation of Colon and Cristobal, of Panama and the Canal Zone, and of the Panamanian and American currency was to confuse the lads from Massachusetts all through their visit. Streets with two names, two postal systems, and buildings frequently flying the flags of two governments did nothing to belay the confusion.

With its usual forethought and generosity the United States Seamen's Service offered assistance and entertainment even to the extent of a dance for the cadets at the Seamen's Club. Two baseball games were arranged with local teams; the Propeller Club sponsored a trip through the jungles; and through the courtesy of the Navy, one way voyages through the Canal from Pacific to Atlantic were given to the cadets on the *U.S.S. Trego*, an A.K. A., and on the escort carrier *Saidor*.

Duty days were spent in rigging an awning on the fore-deck and in painting the masts and booms. Under the tropic sun, both were tiring tasks, and relief was sought on the days following, either in the refreshing salt water in the gigantic pool at the Hotel Washington, or further out, in the fresh water pool of the Coco Solo Naval Air Station.

A good part of afternoon liberties and an even greater part of the paychecks were spent at the Ship's Service at Coco Solo, the Post Exchange at Fort Gulick, and the many stores on Front St. where business was never done without a good deal of bartering. Rare and expensive items were purchased at amazing prices. Silks from the Orient, French perfumes, alligator handbags from South America, massive Mexican silver rings and the finest Swiss watches were all to draw the envy of the folks at home.

As night fell, Cash Alley and Night Club row began to tingle with boisterous gayety. The honky-tonk music of a broken-down piano issued from the open door of Dutch's Missouri Bar across from the USO, as the grey-clad fellows dropped in to "feed the kitty" and sing a song or two. "The Deacon" down the street at the Navy Tavern was busy making out certificates for the boys before they left to catch the floor shows at the Monte Carlo or the Club Florida. One night, at the close of the first show, just about three minutes before liberty expired, a blonde singer at the Copacabana, bearing a marked resemblance to Betty Hutton, dedicated her song to "all of Commander Thompson's boys." A mad rush to the ship ensued when she closed her lovely lyrics, as there were only seconds to spare. So it was, on the afternoon of the 15th, eight days from the date of arrival, that the *Mariner* backed out of her slip and started on the long jaunt through the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Easter Sunday was to dawn as the ship passed through the Yucatan Straits and a full two weeks was to elapse before the cadets set foot on land again, but they carried with them memories of an intriguing land, of Gatun lake and the thrill of passing through the locks, memories of pleasant swims and clustered store windows, of exhibitions and bawdy floor shows, memories of Panama, the center of the Western world.

FORT SAN LORENZO
OLDEST FORT UNDER THE UNITED STATES FLAG BUILT ABOUT 1595
CAPTURED BY MORGAN'S RAIDERS IN 1671
CAPTURED AND PARTLY DESTROYED BY ADM. EDWARD VERNON IN 1740
REBUILT BY SPANIARDS IN 1751-1754, USED AS A PORT OF CALL AND TRANSSHIPPING POINT AS LATE AS 1850.

Galveston, Texas

Back to the States for a while before continuing through the Caribbean, a chance to call home, white girls, American accents and real ice cream in the sodas:—those were the thoughts each fellow entertained on the 29th of April as the training ship, cloaked in a grey, wind-swept dawn, entered the long channel leading into Galveston. Around mid-morning the band assembled on the boat deck, and with a blare of trumpets and a ruffle of drums the lines went ashore at Pier 41 of the downtown docks. When the first liberty party went ashore at 1330, it was discovered that the dock workers were on strike and no cars or busses were being allowed into the waterfront area. That meant a long walk to the city, but the stay in that part of town was brief. Two days later the section on duty maneuvered the ship across the harbor to the Todd Galveston Shipyard, where repairs were to be undertaken in the engine room. Then for ten days the Todd ferry transported the cadets across to the center of town and back, a longer but far more convenient way to get there.

The new location was also convenient to Commander McNulty's "dingy liberties" after a tough morning of rowing. These consisted chiefly of brief visits to the Longhorn either to eye a buxom blonde or sip a glass or two of Southern Select. The regular afternoon liberties however, were spent at Stewart Beach, basking in the warm sun or swimming through the long rolling waves of the Gulf. This was usually terminated with a visit to the amusement park to ride the roller coaster or play the slot machines. After 6:00 P.M. the phone booths at the twin hotels, Galvez and Buccaneer, were usually filled with cadets calling home to say "Hello" and asking for more money.

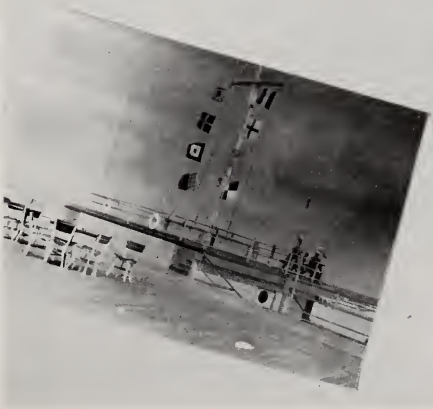
Lloyd's Club, the Alamo and the Brass Rail all became informal rendezvous, while several of the more curious cadets dropped into the Uptown or down to the Pirate's Den for a while.

At least one afternoon was spent touring Galveston and Island City on the rented motorcycles procured down near the seawall. This was a popular Texan pastime which offered much thrilling amusement in the space of a few hours.

Before taking the last ferry back at 2130, there was always a group of fellows to be found at Walgreen's Drug Store, absorbed in a chocolate soda or stocking up on magazines for the trip to Cuba. This seemed to be the first and last stop of each liberty party.

This was Texas, where the stars were big, and bright; the Lone Star State where the speed limit on the suburban roads was never less than 60 mph; Galveston, producer of real western cow-hide leather, the home of "Cissy" the gold-braid girl, and the Atlantic City of the south. In the twelve days spent there, several fellows drove over to Houston with its sky-scrapers and long roller coaster. They found that to be typically Texan as well...wild, reckless and carefree.

After spending small fortunes on the slot machines and Bingo games, becoming practically waterlogged at the beach and risking their necks on fast moving motorcycles, 191 weary cadets left Galveston on the *10th* of May...Habana three days away!



Habana

Any length of time at sea would be well spent to enjoy, as the men of the *Mariner* must have, the splendor of steaming into Habana Harbor, passing the ancient fortifications of Morro Castle on the port side, and to starboard the well-kept park leading to the high-domed Capitol building. They dropped the hook in the inner harbor, a far contrast to the beauty of the entrance channel. Water adulterated with the waste from the many rum factories along shore coursed lazily about the ship, the heavy molasses smell tainting the air day and night. By this time the painters had reached the hull, and it was a precarious job wielding a brush and bucket while controlling the stagings lest they spill their passengers into the murky depths.

The water taxis, which at first were so convenient in passage to and from the ship became *verboten* after a few were overcharged for their trip. The running boat was kept in constant use, and as soon as a load of midshipmen disembarked at the dock, they were surrounded by clamoring Spaniards offering everything from transportation and laundry service to Spanish delicacies and cotton neck-ties.

The rum and cigar factories which offered samples to prospective customers were a source of interest to all, and although both liquor and tobacco were inexpensive at retail price, the opportunity of getting something for nothing attracted many. Alligator bags and perfume were also plentiful in Habana, even if slightly higher priced than in Panama.

This was a city for tourists, there was so much to see. Cathedral Square, a cobblestone yard at the intersection of four narrow streets, and presided over by an immense stone church was easily visited, as it was near the merchants' district. Of course everyone dropped into the world-famous Sloppy Joe's Bar, which turned out to be nothing more than a glorified corner saloon. Quite a few groups spent time enough there to pose for a picture before hurrying off to see the rest of the city. Those who visited the Capitol building, the third highest domed structure in the world, were in for a surprise. The famous diamond, placed in the marble floor of the great hall, had been stolen from its onyx and platinum setting! The sidewalk cafes across the street were pleasant eating places if one was not interrupted by the sudden showers common to the season there. On the other side of the harbor, jutting into the sea with majestic pride, stood Morro Castle, which with its vast caverns, endless tunnels, torture chambers, and diabolical devices for administering death and suffering, proved most fascinating. This above all was the most memorable sight for the Massachusetts travelers in Cuba.

Thus it occurred, engaged in discussions of this, and of Marina's, entertaining memories of the narrow and crowded streets, mosaic sidewalks and clamoring Cubans, and fearing inspections of secret cargo procured along the waterfronts of Habana, that the boys passed once more through the beautiful harbor gates, churning the sirupy-brown waters behind them. So long to sloppy Joe's.

Bermuda

Five days out of Cuba, a decrease in the tropic temperatures, practise in using the hand lead...all this added up to mean that the shoally waters of the Bermuda islands were in the offing. Then on the 23rd of May, the *American Mariner* was seen cruising gracefully along the coast into the beautiful blue waters of Hamilton Harbor. Tall sailboats, racing gallantly along with the ship, long green lawns winding to the shore, coral reefs edging the pink beaches, white-roofed cottages nestled among the fir trees; these were the scenes that drew the crew to the rails and portholes that sunny morning.

They docked, starboard side to, at Pier 7 beside His Majesty's Warehouse on Front St. The streets, congested with bicycles and horse-drawn carriages, a bobby working busily at the crowded intersection of King and Front Streets, and electric trains clanging noisily through all, formed a curious sight. This was typical of Bermuda, the island untainted by the stain of modernism.

The Queen's birthday, a national holiday for the British, caused all the stores to be closed on the first day of liberty, but the following day found the midshipmen engaged in exchanging pounds and shillings for the British tweeds, Cashmere woolens, chinaware and perfumes at H.A.&E. Smith's and Trimmingham's. The Sea Horse Grill in the Imperial Hotel, the Ace of Clubs and the 21 Club offered pleasant surroundings for an evening snack. Above all though, the Quarry with its cool, quiet atmosphere attracted the fellows after a hard day of work or play. A good meal could be had at any of the larger hotels: The Belmont up on the hill, the Princess down by the water, the King George, or the Inverurie on the other side of the harbor, but for sheer relaxation, the Quarry was peerless.

Days were devoted on board to putting the last touches of paint to the sides, and ashore to bicycling over the hills and through the woods. The lily fields were in their last days, but still retained the beauty for which they were famous. Cool coral sands led invitingly to the thrilling surf at Elba Beach where most of the lads congregated. Several toured to St. George on the other side of the island, stopping on the way to visit the limestone Leamington Caves, Tom Moore's Tavern, or the Devil's Hole, a most amazing natural aquarium.

The planned departure on the 28th of May was delayed until early the following morning, due to an accident which resulted in a temporary loss of the use of the anchor winch, and also the loss of the port anchor. The use of a Navy derrick was necessary to secure the anchor on deck. After steaming from the harbor at dawn the next morning, when the islands finally dropped from view the red British courtesy flag was lowered from the foremast, and they were on their way home. Longings to return some day to the homey isle remained undaunted even through the severe storm which lashed at the *Mariner* as it crossed the Gulf Stream. Bermuda was a veritable corner of Paradise, adrift in the Atlantic. Four days more then "hello Buzzards Bay."

The *American Pilot* belonged to the U.S. Maritime Service at the time of our first cruise. "A grand old Lady." At least that was the opinion of our now salty class when we first saw her—moored with mighty hawsers to Fort Schuyler's dock on the East River. To us, on that first view as we passed the Navy Barracks at the Fort, she was a beauty, just what all good ships should look like. Within twenty-four hours it was a different tune, something like this shouldn't happen even to Moe Levy.

When all the gear was safely aboard (perhaps we should drop the word "safely"—nothing was ever safe aboard that ship!) and darkness had engulfed the Queen of the seas, we got our first indoctrination to the life which we were to lead for three unforgettable months, standing watch as bow look-out. It was tough! oh, yes, it was rugged! But did we flinch? We sure did! A few of the upper classmen, among them J. V. Murphy, Long-nosed Alf, Aiken, and handsome Devine, had voices like Bella Lugosi, in effect if not in tone. And who can forget the expression on Harry Kravits face when Daly, crammed the deck hose down his neck, and said "Let me know when you get water on deck, Harry." They were swell guys!

Liberty in New York made up for all the miserable days aboard ship—that is, disregarding morning calisthenics on the dock. Just what good these were intended to do for us was never acutely determined; it seemed to be just a chance for the occupants of murderer's row to line up a few of us innocent youngies for a pleasant afternoon cranking the "Vic" to the tune of "Robin Hood" and puttsing up the famous Li'l Abner Boots — and with the last eighty-six spoken for the benefit of Alf Cunniff when he was in need of a mob of us to carry his stuffed sea-chest ashore, we left the *Pilot*, Fort Schuyler, and New York for Hyannis.

Someday those of us who have made the sea a career will appreciate those three months as among the best of our lives.

CLASSES

Battalion Rates

Battalion Adjutant and Commander: J. Flaherty, R. Kauserud

Company Commanders: Higgins, Foglia, Cohan, Misogianes, Brock, Thompson

Sub Company Commanders: Lannon, Cahill, Garon, West, Wheble, Abrahamson

1st Petty Officers: Torrey, Nye, Johnson, Shannon, Warren, Saari

2nd Petty Officers: McMullen, Gibbons, Paulson, Dallas, Wallace, Pierpont

Company Rates

Battalion Comdr. R. L. Kauserud
Battalion Adj. J. J. Flaherty

Company 1

Co. Comdr. R. S. Thompson
Sub Co. Comdr. J. Cahill
1st P.O. S. A. Torrey
2nd P.O. C. L. Pierpont

Company 2

Co. Comdr. M. N. Misogianes
Sub Co. Comdr. J. A. Wheble
1st P.O. P. A. Johnson
2nd P.O. E. T. McMullen

Company 3

Co. Comdr. M. N. Cohan
Sub Co. Comdr. A. S. Garon
1st P.O. J. B. Nye
2nd P.O. M. Gibbons

Company 4

Co. Comdr. C. J. Higgins
Sub Co. Comdr. L. R. Warren
1st P.O. C. M. Dallas
2nd P.O. L. J. Fay

Company 5

Co. Comdr. C. R. Brock
Sub Co. Comdr. R. E. West
1st P.O. R. Saari
2nd P.O. R. W. Wallace

Company 6

Co. Comdr. C. R. Foglia
Sub Co. Comdr. P. E. Abrahamson
1st P. O. J. Paulson
2nd P. O. S. C. Shannon

FIRST CLASS DECK

Dennett, Westerberg, Kauserud, Cahill, West, R. G., Saari, Gibbons, Torrey, Bechard
Coady, Brock, Nye, Missud, Thompson, Pierpont, Lipsitz, Lynn, Peterson, Crounse, Wallace
West, R. E., Kestenbaum, Cohan, Ronan, Willis, Garon, O'Donnell, Weinberg, Mizaras, Helttula, Kinnally, Cox

FIRST CLASS ENGINEERS

Giorgi, McLean, Johnson, Lucas, Kerr, Abrahamson, Shannon, Lannon, Wheble, Milne, Minkkinen
Wall, Smith, Campbell, Dallas, Fay, Paulson, Salander, Warren, Czelusniak, Puckhaber, Bonnafe, Flaherty
Powers, Misogianes, Gordon, Misakian, Foglia, Villano, Walters, Parker, McMullen, Higgins, Culver, Phillips,
Morrison

SECOND CLASS DECK

Morse, Dempsey, Shulkin, Hurley, McLeod, Webber, Wagg, Cleveland, Bolster, Sutcliffe
Usen, Egan, Miles, McCoubrey, Grey, Manter, Silverstein, Hanlon, Knuuti, Geary
Russo, Mansfield, D. L., Smith, D. A., Ramsden, Reed, Burns, Marno, Law, Marks, Shea, Butler

SECOND CLASS ENGINEERS

Stevenson, Mason, R. W., Kay, Lorenz, Maloney, Kuliga, Callan, Baker
Douglas, Graham, Hubbell, Peirce, Reardon, Harding, Welch, Mason, R. S., Jones
Budgell, Simmons, Buckley, Mansfield, F. A., Matta, Tolman, Kiley, MacKellar, DeVarennes, Veasie

THIRD CLASS DECK

Duke, Johnson, B. H., Crowell, Downs, Strom, McAvenia, Hellberg, Lawry, Chase
Kearsley, Rounseville, Isherwood, Telford, McNaughton, Olson, Norton, Sethares, Casey, Ohrn, Legge
Vogel, O'Leary, Simpson, Pratt, Finch, Peters, Leach, Blatchford, De Felice, Conway, Scott, R. H.

THIRD CLASS ENGINEERS

O'Connor, Thompson, A. G., Scott, C. W., Grinspoon, Nelson, Fournier, Goodwin, W. A., Keenan, Smith, J. A.
Bravacos, McGrath, Bassett
Dorsey, Fusini, Vaughn, Dunk, Macbeth, Cass, Hamm, Jackson, LeLievre, Neill, Rammel, Carpenter
Goodwin, W. L., Gow, Amiot, Kittredge, Truvedson, Zimmerman, Warner, Harris, Hall, Ehnes, Sullivan

ACTIVITIES

MMA Band

McLean, Graham, Thompson, Shannon, Mason, Cleveland, Tolman
Bonnafe (*Bandmaster*), Hanlon, Simpson, Keenan, Usen, Marno, McCoubrey, Hellberg
Sullivan, Zimmerman, Manter, Maloney, Miles, Wagg, Hurley, DeFelice, Smith

From a small nucleus of "potential" musicians organized by Mdsn. Casey in May of 1945, the MMA band has grown and grown to its present state, a powerful assembly of 35 musicians. Practice sessions held twice weekly have developed the various individual stylings of the men into one harmonious group. Each and every morning, the band plays for the colors ceremony, providing a rhythmic tempo for the midshipmen to follow, as they march around the mall.

Under the direction of "trumpeter extraordinaire" Oliver Bonnafe, the band has surged to new heights through this year's gathering of new players which include Wall, McCoubrey, Tolman, Zimmerman, Hurley, Manter, McAvenia, Kearsley, Keenan, Simpson, Hall, DeFelice, Hellberg, Sullivan, Downes, Usen, Thompson, Jones, Shannon, Shields, Webber and Chase.

Last year's players, the real backbone of the band, include Maloney, Miles, Wagg, Marno, Silverstein, Cleveland, McLean, R. W. Mason, Hanlon, W. M. Smith, and Graham. Bonnafe and Webber have taught the band members how to execute its various maneuvers such as the letters M, N, T, H, B, and our own anchor, with much skill and agility.

The band has proved a definite asset at our football games by breaking out in song both in victory and defeat. Its displays during the halves, brought much credit to it and the academy.

The academy will miss the first and second class members of the band deeply and we all hope that the third class will keep building the band.

Dance Weekend

Jones, Gibbons, Maloney, Miles, McAvenia
Garon, Morrison, Geary, Abrahamson, Bechard, Kauserud

On the evening of October 18th, a memorable weekend began at the Academy with a radio broadcast in which four of our prominent grid stars gave all the "inside dope" on the coming game with Maine Maritime Academy. A rally staged on the mess deck followed, with the Captain and other ardent supporters speaking to the gathering. The band sent forth stirring music and the cheerleaders were given enthusiastic support by the sport loving rooters. Later on during the rally, the Maine Football team arrived by bus after a tiring trip and were shown to their rooms.

Saturday morning the weekend really started to roll with the arrival of the girls from Bridgewater, Regis and Radcliffe. The young ladies were taken to their lodgings, to be called for later and escorted to the Barnstable High School field.

Game time was 2:30 and following the playing of the Star Spangled Banner, the battle was under way. It was nip-and-tuck the whole first half with the home team leading by barely 2-0, at the half. It still was anyone's ballgame going into the second half, but the much inspired Sailors

of the Cape drove on to crumble the Maine Cadets' defenses and win, 21-0.

Between the halves the band provided local color that would have done justice to any Army-Navy classic. They played martial airs and formed intricate maneuvers climaxed by the forming of an anchor in front of the home stand where they serenaded the local rooters.

After the game the Midshipmen took their girls to their local homes where the damsels could change into their best dresses in preparation for the evening's festivities. An excellent buffet supper, was the first item on the list of coming activities for the evening and was served in the manner of the finest caterers. Immediately following the meal, the dance, for which the battalion had been waiting so long, commenced in the building which formerly served as the Bachelor Officers' Quarters for the Naval Air Station at Hyannis. The excellent lounges and dance floor, coupled with a soft drinks bar provided an atmosphere unbeatable on Cape Cod. Brilliant corsages of blue and gold, which added immeasurably to the spirit of the occasion, were provided by our thoughtful dance committee, for the midshipmen's guests. They were then introduced to the various guests of honor which included Captain and Mrs. Copeland, Commander Bellinger, Executive Officer of the Maine Maritime Academy, Captain Harrington, Judge and Mrs. Miles, and Commissioners of the Academy, to mention a few. Music was provided by the M.M.A. orchestra which made dancing to the tunes of "The Talk of the Town," "Whispering," and many others an unforgettable pleasure. The highlight

of the evening was the presentation of an impressive gold trophy, symbolizing victory, to the captain of the winning team by the skipper of the losing club. This game inaugurated the plan to have this token passed back and forth to the winner of this inter-Academy game in the years to come. At the conclusion of this memorable event the dance continued until the strains of the orchestra's theme song brought the dance to a pleasant close. The midshipmen and their young ladies then invariably made an exodus to the restaurants of Hyannis to secure a midnight snack. Their dates were then escorted to their homes, thus bringing an end to a perfect day which, everyone agreed must be duplicated in the near future.

Sugar Charlie 1321

The *S.C. 1321*, commonly known as "Sugar Charlie", arrived at the Academy for use as a training ship in the Spring of 1946, after an impressive tour of duty in the European Theater of Operations. The following is a brief history of the vessel prior to her assignment to the Academy:

"Sugar Charlie" was built at East Greenwich, R. I., her launching taking place on 6 February 1943, after which she was commissioned in the U.S. Navy. The vessel's shakedown cruise carried her to Miami, where she was on temporary escort duty between Florida and the West Indies. Temporary duty and shakedown terminated when the vessel was ordered to New Jersey for anti-submarine patrol and escort duty. In February 1944 the ship was transported overseas to Liverpool, on the *S.S. James Woodrow* to take part in the invasion of the Normandy Coast. The subchaser was delegated to protect the cruiser *Augusta* against submarine attack, and proceeded for the French coast on D-day minus one. During the invasion operations, the vessel was employed in transporting staff officers to the beach heads. Among the notable personages who graced the deck of the frail but courageous ship were: General of the Armies, Eisenhower, Fleet Admiral King, General Marshall, Admiral Stark, Rear Admiral Kirk, and General Bradley. Following D-day, the vessel engaged in escort duty, rescue work, and antisubmarine patrol until VE-day. In August '45 the vessel was loaded aboard the *S.S. Stephen Leacock* and returned to this country.

In the infant days of the year 1946 notice was received from the Chief of Naval Operations that the vessel had been assigned to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy where it arrived in the early spring, already rich in the traditions of the sea.

On July 20 "Sugar Charlie" weighed anchor and steamed out of Lewis Bay bound for Nantucket on the first of its scheduled weekend training cruises. The ship was completely manned by cadets for the entire voyage except upon leaving and entering port, when it was under the expert guidance of Commander John W. Thompson, Executive Officer. During the course of the summer and early fall the midshipmen visited Provincetown, Martha's Vineyard, Providence, Newport, New Bedford, and took several trips to picturesque Nantucket.

Among the most pleasant and memorable cruises was the trip to Provincetown where several of the midshipmen spent the

evening at a "Party for Spain" given by the colorful artists colony. The trip to Providence enabled the men to attend the Brown-M.M.A. football game, and to become thoroughly familiar with Providence after dark. Through several trips to Nantucket the cadets learned that although the island is quiet, it still retains much of the charm that it possessed when it was an active whaling center. Despite the fact that rough water was occasionally encountered, the trips remained so popular that several midshipmen volunteered to surrender their liberty in order to participate in the weekend voyages.

The sacrifice of liberty entailed by these

cruises was more than compensated for by the knowledge gained and by the assumption of responsibility that was required, both experiences which will produce even better Officers from this Academy in future years. The Midshipmen were given the opportunity to practice their knowledge of Seamanship and Engineering, a factor which aided tremendously in lessening the monotony of every day classroom activity. On the cruise to P. Town the men were given the chance to swing ship for deviations; and during the trip to Providence they gained valuable experience in night navigation due to the fact that the return trip was, of necessity, compelled to be undertaken after sundown. Much knowledge was gained in regard to piloting and practical shiphandling; and several of the cadets became familiar with the waters of the Atlantic seaboard as far south as Rhode Island. On October 22 the vessel left Baxter's Wharf manned by a skeleton crew and proceeded to Fairhaven, Mass.

Academy Orchestra

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy Orchestra was started during the summer of 1945. It was founded and directed by Midshipman Robert J. Casey of the class which is now graduating. The brass section was composed of John Flaherty, 1st trumpet, John "Gundar" Miles, 2nd trumpet, Bob Maloney, 3rd trumpet and Harry Wagg, trombone. Malcolm Douglas, George Cole, George Crickard, and Lester McLean composed the reed section. "Tacky" Warren played the drums and Jack Hopkins was featured on the piano. There was no doubt that this was a well balanced outfit and it was certainly far and away the best orchestra on Cape Cod last summer.

This year's orchestra was something different, however. It didn't have any outstanding members with the exception of John "Gundar" Miles who worked his heart out on its behalf. He devoted every spare minute to the orchestra and the results more than justified his faith as the band came through in brilliant fashion. The only men back from last year's orchestra were Miles, Bob Maloney, Harry Wagg, Les McLean and L. Warren. Around these cadets the orchestra was built.

New additions to the orchestra were Joe Silverstein, Seymour Zimmerman, and Ira Simpson on saxophones, Bob Mason on trumpet, Don Chase and Bob Telford on violins and Bob Collins at the keyboard. It was a bigger band than last year's and there was some doubt as to the kind of music it would produce. However, all fears were disspelled when the orchestra, after five or six weeks' daily practice, performed brilliantly on the night of October 19th at the Maritime victory dance. There wasn't one Midshipman who left the hall that evening who could not but feel a little boastful about his school's orchestra.

Glee Club

Scott, C. W., Grinspoon, Crowell, Goodwin, W. A., Downs, Nelson, Chase, Smith, McAvenia
Harris, Gibbons, Paulson, Norton, Legge, Dunk, Johson, Thompson, Hamm, Goodwin, W. L., Gow, Vaughn, Scott, R. H., Graham, Law
Budgell, Duke, Kearsley, Conway, Reardon, Olson, Telford, Cass, Bravacos, Jackson, LeLievre, Neill, Isherwood, Sethares, Blatchford, Peters
Warner, Vogel, Leach, Kittredge, Truvedson, Zimmerman, Sullivan, Mr. Ryder, Shannon, Abrahamson, Puckhaber, Macbeth, O'Leary, Carpenter, Bassett

"Do you men ever get together and sing," was one of the first questions Captain Howard G. Copeland asked at an assembly; we hadn't but we do now! The newly formed male chorus under the capable direction of Edward A. Sullivan with the able assistance of Suel Shannon came about as a result of one of the first "Wednesday morning suggestions."

This group of singers owes a great deal of its progress to Mr. William Ryder, an outstanding director of some of New England's truly fine choruses, who did much in arranging and writing our music, correcting our off-keys and in general, instructing the chorus in the art of rendering its selections in a proper and creditable manner.

Besides singing an occasional number for the battalion, the chorus was also featured on a radio program, over station WOCB; presented a very enjoyable Christmas program and highlighted its season with a personal appearance, before a large audience, at the Hotel Somerset, during a banquet, commemorating Navy Day.

The chorus not only offered relaxation and enjoyment to the academy but it also helped to spread the name and fame of M.M.A. throughout Cape Cod and southeastern Massachusetts.

Yearbook

O'Donnell, Misakian, Culver, Parker, Foglia, Morrison, Kestenbaum, Pierpont, Peterson, Puckhaber, Kinnally
Gibbons, Weinberg, Cox, West, R. E., Wallace, Czelusniak, Salander, Cohan, Lipsitz, Garon

The MUSTER, yearbook of the graduating classes at the Academy, was originated by the class of June 1945, and has remained a fixture ever since. It is the hope of the staff that this, the last work of the class of '47A, will serve as a lasting bond between shipmates as we proceed on our chartered courses throughout life. It is a pictorial and written log, a source of memories, of our two years through the calms and tempests of Academy life.

This edition, as in former years, was compiled by the staff under the adverse condition of possessing a minimum amount of free time and a heavily laden study schedule. Editor Wallace, faced with the task of compiling, writing, proofreading and publishing the manuscript was confronted with the additional worry of keeping all hands satisfied with the progress that was being made. Frequently the target of verbal attacks and loaded to his marks with manuscripts, Wallace per-

The Editor and his right hand man

formed admirably as evidenced by this publication. The business end of the book was ably handled by Cohan and Morrison, who were a formidable sales combine to all prospective advertisers. Under the direction of Garon, a representative collection of snapshots was garnered from the ranks. Photographs of the individual midshipmen, as well as the enhancing illustrations of Academy activities, were taken by the Sargent Studios. These, in conjunction with the hosts of staff writers, typists, and other contributors, have produced what we consider the finest publication of its kind ever to emerge from M.M.A.

We express our gratitude to our pilot, Lt. Comdr. Howes, who navigated us safely through the rocks and shoals encountered in the preparation of the MUSTER.

It is the wish of the staff that this, our yearbook, will take on added significance as the years go by; and serve to refresh pleasant memories of friends and shipmates who have wandered far adrift upon the infinite sea of existence.

Mish and Doc—"We need more money"

Muster Staff

Editor-in-Chief
Wallace, R. W.

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West, R. E.
Czelusniak, L.

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Morrison, W.

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Peterson, L. G.
Lipsitz, W.
Puckhaber, B.
Pierpont, C.
Foglia, C.

Sports Staff
Culver, J. A.
Parker, W.

The Full and By

Helttula, O'Donnell, Lorenz, Maloney, Duke, Veasie
Gibbons, Saari, Salander, Bechard, Peterson, Abrahamson, Pierpont

The *Full and By*, official voice of the cadet body at the Academy, is published ten times a year for the enjoyment of the Battalion, with the express purpose of promoting a closer association among the student body, the Academy officers, and the Alumni.

After an absence of almost a year, the paper has been completely revised as to form and size, and is now composed of six newspaper size pages. In addition to a complete coverage of Academy activities, the paper has increased in scope to include political editorials, essays, humor, and music. Although the publication has not yet acquired the desired degree of literary quality, it is the hope of the staff that this will eventually be accomplished.

In September, during Alumni Weekend, contact was made with the Officers of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Club of Boston, and plans were discussed for combining the Alumni paper and the *Full and By*. This was a definite step forward in creating a closer tie between the graduates and the cadet body, and reflects credit upon the staff despite the fact that the final arrangements are being left to the third class.

The rebirth of the *Full and By* is due largely to the efforts of Editor Bechard who, though lacking experience, guaranteed the success of the periodical by his incomparable sincerity and capacity for work. Appreciation is due Lt. Cmdr. Howes whose inspiration and aid was instrumental in helping the staff to reach greater heights.

ATHLETICS

Softball

Miles, Wagg, Shannon, Maloney, Mason, R. W., Marno
Culver, Wheble, Higgins, Phillips, Czelusniak, Puckhaber

Through the efforts of Lt. Harrington, an undefeated softball team was organized from intramural teams which played during the afternoon recreation period. The team practiced every afternoon under the splendid coaching of Lt. Harrington. Only two games were scheduled, but nevertheless, both these games proved to be interesting as well as exciting. They were played against the Osterville All-Stars, one in Osterville and the other at the Academy's home field. The first game was a decided win for the Midshipmen as they came through with an 8 to 5 victory over the All-Stars. Eddie Phillips and Joe Lannon were at their best during the contest and kept the opponents baffled with their various slants. After the Midshipmen became accustomed to the pitching, they began to hit and assured themselves a victory. Wheble came through with two runs after marching the softball nearly out of the park scoring Joe Lannon and touching all four sacks himself.

In the second game played at the Academy's field, we were surprised to see a new pitcher in the box for the All-Stars. He really had a fast ball that very few of the players could hit. The first few innings went rapidly as there were no hits on either side. The All-Stars started the scoring and chalked up their only two runs, and the next inning the Midshipmen opened up and started a rally tying the score. In the last inning, Maloney scored on a squeeze play, when Fay bunted down the first base line. This ended the game and an interesting sport season.

Rifle Team

Vaughn, Pierpont, Thompson, Sullivan
Usen, Geary, Jones, Law

In June, 1945 the M.M.A. rifle team was started under the direction of Lt. Martin who spent much of his time and labor developing an ambitious group of marksmen into a capable team. The first year we did not meet with much success as there were only two matches. The first one we lost from lack of experience, to the sharpshooters from Tabor Academy in Marion, Mass. In our second match we met with more success by licking an experienced team from New Bedford High School R.O.T.C.

July, 1946 brought a more promising picture for the team with the return of practically all of the first team from the previous year. New upon the scene was Lt. (jg) Weber who replaced Lt. Martin and now took over the reins to formulate a successful team of expert riflemen.

A tough schedule with West Point, Mass. State, Coast Guard Academy, and New Bedford High School R.O.T.C. had to be cancelled when it was announced that the second class was to leave on its annual southern cruise January third, since a good portion of the team was composed of second classmen. The team was not to be daunted and scheduled a few local matches to furnish competition. The first of these matches proved to be rather successful when they defeated a strong State Guard team.

The following week New Bedford High School R.O.T.C. Unit went down in defeat before our group of sharpshooters. This brought a close to a abbreviated season.

Rowing Crew

Crounse, Missud, Thompson, Lynn, West, R. E. (*Cox'n*)
Willis, Saari, Kauserud, Pierpont, Cohan, Gibbons

Among the many achievements of our class during our two years at M.M.A. has been the success of our rowing crew which went through two undefeated years in winning the interclass titles on the cruises.

Ably coxswained by Dick West and comprising many men who had previous experience in this sport, the crew reached its peak during the second cruise at Hamilton, Bermuda when they easily defeated the first and third class rowing crews and won the Academy Trophy.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Roscoe who helped to revive the interest in this competition. The experience and timing gained from rowing should aid measurably during a career at sea.

Baseball

Villano, Lorenz, Egan, Sutcliffe, Rounseville, McGrath, Simpson, Macbeth, Hurley, Lt. Harrington,
Not Pictured, Giorgi
Powers, Foglia, Macbeth, Buckley, Smith, Waters, Warner, DeVarennes, Amiot

The baseball season ended for the Maritime Academy in the first week of September, both mathematically and officially. The cadets ended their season in second place, trailing the league-leading Barnstable nine. In their last crucial game with Barnstable, the cadets were nosed out 3-1 by the superb pitching of Barnstable's Burlingame. It was this game that meant either the possibility of being champions or an alternate of ending in second place. This win by Barnstable made all mathematical possibilities impossible for our ending up first, since Barnstable had finished all its scheduled games with only one defeat handed to them by M.M.A. at the beginning of the second half.

The Cadets opened the second half of the official league season with 6-0 shutout over Dennis here at M.M.A. The "brilliant" Mr. Paul Powers was the winning pitcher in this fray with ex-coach Ayres his battery mate. Paul held the Dennis nine to one hit that evening while his teammates capitalized on four hits plus eight Dennis errors and six walks, for a total of six runs.

The following clash was not such a pushover as the opener but again the Cadets were the victors in a 6-5 contest with Harwich. Coach Ayres received credit for this win with "Young Doc" O'Conner as his backstop. "Coach," as he was called, gave up four hits for five runs, while our "big stickers" banged out eight base knocks for six runs. Al Mansfield was the batting star in this contest, getting two for four while Charlie DeVarrenes, "Link" Rounesville, Bob Manning, Paul

Strike One

Powers, "Doc" O'Conner, and the Coach each got one safety apiece.

The next game was a heart-breaker for Paul Powers as well as the rest of the team since victory was snatched away in the last inning and the game resulted in a 3-3 tie. Going into the last of the seventh, M.M.A. was sporting a 3-1 lead but this was short lived. It all came about with three singles and the tying run being scored on a steal home. There was a bitter dispute that the base-runner went out of the base line when he tagged home plate. Ayres, who was catching, claimed that the runner was nine feet from the plate. This protest was to no avail since the umpire upheld his decision that the runner was safe.

Barnstable was the third victim on the list when Paul again pitched a marvelous game, giving Barnstable only one hit. The Cadets' bats went to work again for Paul when they collected seven hits for a grand total of six runs. Ayres, Powers, and DeVarennes each hit safely once, while "Chink" Villano and George Sutcliffe fattened their batting averages with two safeties apiece.

Once again Powers hurled a victory at the expense of Harwich and this time he allowed four hits, two of them coming in the first inning; one a triple, the other a single which produced the only Harwich run. M.M.A. also had a total of only four hits but three errors and four walks proved to be the deciding factor in scoring five runs which was a wide enough margin to assure victory.

The first defeat came at the hands of Dennis by a score of 4-3. This engagement was a seesaw battle all the way with M.M.A. going in front by a score of 3-2 in the top half of the last inning. Dennis just couldn't be held down though, for they came back in their half with another two runs, leaving the Cadets holding the short end of a 4-3 verdict.

The second game with Chatham proved to be a slugfest with the final score resting in the hands of the "Middies." Ayres went the length in this encounter and was the victor even though Chatham collected a grand total of 6 runs while the Cadets went to town in the hitting department to attain eight runs which proved to be more than enough to win this "Battle of bats."

The crucial game of the season was held August 14th before a large turnout at M.M.A. field with Barnstable being the opposition. Powers was on the mound for M.M.A. and he was opposed by Barnstable's speedball artist, Burlingame. Barnstable took a one run lead in the first inning and then was held runless until the

Another Victory for Powers

sixth when they collected another run. Giorgi opened M.M.A.'s half of the fifth with a long double to deep center field but he remained on second as Burlingame struck out the next two batters. Buckley then singled but Powers grounded to second leaving two men on base.

Barnstable collected another tally in the seventh to make it 3-0 but the cadets fought back to prevent a shut-out in their half by pushing over their only run. The pitching in this tight contest was superb with Burlingame setting eight down on strikes while Powers collected six strike outs and each pitcher allowed but three walks apiece. In the hit department Powers allowed four safeties while Burlingame bettered him by one less hit.

The team donned their uniforms on the 5th of September to play a game with the Sandwich All-Stars, beating them 5-0. The game which had previously been scheduled for V-J day was rained out.

Paul Powers took the mound for the Cadets with Carl Foglia his battery mate. Jim Waters was at first base with Paul Buckley at second. Bob McGrath at shortstop, and "Chink" Villano at the "hot corner." The outfield included Al Mansfield in left, "Curly" Giorgi in center, and George Sutcliffe in right field.

Buckley opened the game with a single to left and he proceeded to steal second on the second pitch to Mansfield. With the count 2 and 2 on Al, he unloaded with a tremendous drive into the woods in left field driving in Buckley but due to the ground rules, his hit was held to a double. The next two batters were strike-out victims but then Giorgi smashed a clean double into left center driving in the second tally. Carl Foglia, the next batter, drew a base on balls but the side was retired when Sutcliffe flied out to the first baseman.

The game went scoreless until the third inning when the Cadets collected three more runs on "Chink" Villano's single,

Three and Two Count

an error on Waters' sharp grounder, a walk to Giorgi, Foglia's bunt down the third base line with the bases loaded, and an error on a long line drive to left by Sutcliffe.

Sandwich was held runless by Powers and his skill, with men on base, allowed only one runner to reach third. He allowed but five hits, four of which were singles, one walk, and he struck out eight batters while Anderson and Shuster, the Sandwich pitchers, gave up seven hits, issued four walks while striking out five batters.

This game brought to a close the activities of the 1946 season, a very successful one at that, due to the fact that M.M.A. finished second in the Cape Cod League.

SUMMARY

MMA	6	Dennis	0
MMA	6	Harwich	5
MMA	3	Chatham	3
MMA	6	Barnstable	0
MMA	5	Harwich	0
MMA	3	Dennis	4
MMA	8	Chatham	6
MMA	1	Barnstable	3
MMA	5	Sandwich	0

Won 6; Lost 2; Tied 1.

Football

Fusini, Vaughn, Ohrn, Dunk, Smith, J., Kuliga, Scott, Shulkin
Smith, D., Smith, W., Knuuti, Matta, Rounseville, Reed, Simmons, Egan, Cleveland
Willis, Wallace, Stevenson, Devarennes, Powers, Kauserud, Brock, Misogianes, Lucas, Dorsey, Lorenz
Lt. Harrington, Bolster, Parker, Gibbons, Giorgi, *Capt.* Villano, Misakian, Baker, Mansfield, Sutcliffe, *Coach* Tulis

M.M.A. 7; Exeter 6

Before a small opening day crowd of 2000 fans, the Massachusetts Maritime Academy football eleven opened its season with a win over Exeter.

Exeter won the toss and elected to receive. Kauserud's first kick-off attempt was offside, but on his second try the ball carried to the Exeter 25-yard line where it was picked up and returned to the 28. Three line plunges failed to make any headway and Exeter was forced to punt from their 30-yard line. The kick was blocked by a horde of M.M.A. linemen led by Bernie Georgie. As the kick was blocked, the ever alert Bill Parker scooped up the ball and streaked to the Exeter 5-yard line before being brought down. Bob Kauserud then smashed off tackle to the one. On the next play Bob bulled his way over for the season's first touchdown. Selecting the hard way of making the vital extra point, Kauserud plunged through the center of the line into the end zone. This gave M.M.A. a 7-0 lead. The rest of the first period was all in the cadets' favor, as they pushed the Exeter eleven down the field and the ball was kept continually deep in the opponent's territory. The team suffered an offensive lapse, however, when pay dirt seemed in sight.

The second period opened with the "middies" in possession of the pigskin on the Exeter 45. In this twelve-minute encounter the ball exchanged hands several times on return kicks, but again both lines held to prevent any further scoring, although M.M.A. was in Exeter's terri-

tory the whole period with Exeter penetrating only once as far as the cadets' 45.

Exeter scored their only tally of the game in the third period on a pass, but failed to tie up the game when the attempted placement fell shy.

In the final stanza of this contest the cadets drove deep into the Exeter territory but lost the ball on the 12-yard line on a fumble. After an Exeter kick put the ball on the mid-field stripe, M.M.A. started again on a goal-to-go drive. Phil Bolster, George Sutcliffe, and Bob Kauserud kept picking up yardage with the aid of short passes to both Mansfield and Parker. The ball was steadily pushed onward to the Exeter 17-yard line. When touchdown hopes seemed bright, the final whistle blew giving M.M.A. a 7-6 verdict over an outplayed Exeter eleven.

Captain Villano

Brown J.V. 27; M.M.A. 12

Playing in the Brown Bowl on October 5th, MMA was beaten 27-12 by a fast and heavy Brown J.V. team. Although the score 27-12 outwardly indicates pretty much of a one-sided contest this was by no means true. Many times the cadets threw the Brown backs for losses of 2 to 8 yards, and many times our linemen crashed through to fall on a fumble or ruin a passing attempt and many times the men backing up the line would charge in to assist the linemen in stopping a rush which Brown needed to gain one or two yards to make a first down.

The most colorful and best executed play of the game was a fake kick on our 20-yard line. Phil Bolster dropped back to kick formation and as Bob Kauserud came charging around in back of Phil, the ball was waiting in Phil's hand. Bob then raced around his own right end and he didn't run into difficulty until he hit the Brown Secondary. Here he executed some brilliant footwork, and out-smarted his would-be tacklers to race the remainder of the 79 yards for a touchdown.

Brown's ace Giles Powell was a threat all afternoon and his star performance was a 95-yard runback of a 50-yard kickoff by Ed Dorsey for a touchdown. Ed's kick went to Brown's five-yard line and everybody expected the Brown carrier to be nailed in his own territory; Powell had different ideas though, as he raced up the sidelines. He out ran the entire Maritime team to go the full 95 yards for Brown's final touchdown of the day.

Brown scored the other three touchdowns on another long run by Powell, a pass to Zuber, and a line plunge from MMA's 3-yard line after a drive from their own 45.

MMA's second tally came after completing a march from their own 15-yard line. Bolster and Sutcliffe carried the ball alternately with a 3-yard plunge by Brock and a 16-yard flank pass to Kauserud added to ease the burden. It was Bolster finally going over from the 2-yard line.

Again in the fourth period the cadets started once more to roll toward another touchdown. Phil Bolster picked up 13 yards in two attempts while Charlie DeVarennes gained 18 yards in one try, but the next play was a pass intercepted by Brown ending the threat.

The game ended with Brown running back a punt.

M.M.A. 27; Stockbridge Aggies 0

The Cadets went into the first home game in the history of the Academy at Hyannis with the intent of winning their second of the year against one defeat. The first half opened, progressed, and ended with the score still unchanged. It was a hard fought half with MMA threatening once in the first period, but the vet "Aggie" eleven held their ground. In the closing minutes of the second period, the Academy fans were disappointed twice when long passes from Phil Bolster to Bill Parker in the end zone were lost in the sun. On both occasions Bill was facing the low set sun so that at the last minute he lost sight of the ball.

The Maritime eleven came back onto the field in the third period ready to make up for their previously missed scoring opportunities. Bob Kauserud opened by kicking to the Stockbridge 30-yard line. The Academy got their first break of the game when Bill Parker pounced on the kick to take possession of the ball. Bob Kauserud picked up ten yards on the next play and in two more attempts the ball rested on the "Aggie" 13-yard line. The next play was a pass which failed but Phil Bolster went the remaining distance on the next try to open the scoring. The extra point was no good so the sailors led the farmers 6-0.

Kauserud then kicked off again, but this time the Stockbridge eleven drove to the Academy's 40-yard line. They attempted to pass on the MMA 40 but it was intercepted by Bob Kauserud on his own thirty and he romped 70 yards for the second touchdown of the game. This time the extra point by Gibbons was good, making the score 13-0.

The score was boosted to 19 early in the fourth period when Bob Kauserud got away again to go 37 yards for a T.D.

Two more points were added when Stockbridge were on their own fifteen, and a bad pass from center sent the back into the end zone where he was brought down by end Al Shulkin on a great tackle.

The bid for the 28th point was blocked so the final score remained at 27 for the Maritime Academy to 0 for the Stockbridge School of Agriculture.

M.A.A. 21; Maine Maritime Academy 0

The Massachusetts cadets got off to a slow first half for the second week in succession when they faced the "middies" from Maine Maritime Academy. The first half was about even as far as the yards gained was concerned. Massachusetts threatened in the first period while Maine

drove to the ten in the second period but when the dust cleared at the half-time mark, the Massachusetts cadets were leading by a slim margin of two points to none for the visitors.

The two points were scored late in the second period after Maine had intercepted a pass on their own 30-yard line. On the next play the visitors were thrown for a 6-yard loss back to their 24. The Maine quarterback called for a pass on the next play. The passer faded back but was unable to spot a receiver when he suddenly found himself trapped between end Al Mansfield and tackle Bob Baker. Instead

of bringing him down they drove him back to the end zone before they made the tackle, making the score 2-0.

The second half was entirely different from the first. The Hyannis cadets displayed real offensive power when they took the kickoff and marched for a touchdown in eleven plays. They took the kickoff on their 10-yard line and it was returned to the 31. It was Phil Bolster who finally took it over after Bob Kauserud had carried most of the burden on the 90-yard drive. Mark Gibbons then converted, making the score 9-0.

Another Massachusetts drive was underway in this period and again it was Phil

Bolster taking it over from the nine-yard line on the second play in the final period.

The final touchdown came midway through this period when a recovered Maine fumble gave the Hyannis cadets possession of the ball on the Maine 43-yard line. A pass to Mansfield was good for 25 yards and then three line plunges put the ball in the end zone. This time Bob Kauserud took the honors, making the final score 21-0.

Bergen College 13; M.M.A. 6

Playing under the lights for the first time before a crowd of approximately eight thousand fans, the Maritime Academy was beaten by a one touchdown margin at the hands of a Bergen College eleven.

MMA opened the game by kicking off to the Bergen 20-yard line where the runner was tackled by Parker and Mansfield before he was able to make a run back. After two plays which netted Bergen 11 yards, a fumble was recovered by Bob Baker. On the second play Charlie DeVarennes threw a pass to Al Mansfield in the end zone but it was called back because of a penalty against the cadets.

The Bergen club came back to take a 13-point lead in the first half though they were outplayed by the lighter cadets. Bergen went over the mid-field strip only once in the first period and this was on a 55-yard touchdown run by De Vangelis. The extra point was good making the score 7-0.

In the second period the play centered around the mid-field section with DeVangelis again getting away for a 50-yard run to give Bergen their final 6 points. The Cadets had driven to the Bergen 20-yard line only to have attempted passes intercepted on both occasions.

In the third period MMA took the kick off on the 4-yard line and drove up to the Bergen 35-yard line before they were stopped by a 15-yard penalty with Bergen taking over on downs.

The fourth period opened with Bergen on their own thirty. They attempted a pass which Bob Kauserud then took it the remaining yardage with Phil scoring from the 5-yard line. Mark Gibbons' attempted placement was wide by inches. The cadets started another drive which went to the Bergen 14-yard line but this drive was halted by the unexpected final whistle before the cadets could pick up the remaining yardage.

M.M.A. 27; New Hampshire JV 0

The cadets won their fourth game out of six starts when they defeated a Wildcat

J.V. eleven on November 8th. The final score found the Maritime eleven with a total of 27 points while New Hampshire failed to tally. This game was the thirdshutout for the cadets as they had previously had held both Stockbridge and the Maine Maritime Academy scoreless.

For the first time since the Exeter game the Mariners opened the game by displaying their offensive power. M.M.A. kicked to the N.H. 10 to open the game and a recovered fumble by Bob Baker on the Wildcats' 45-yard line set the stage for the first score. Bob Kauserud, Phil Bolster, George Sutcliffe and Al Mansfield ate up the remaining yardage and it was Phil Bolster going over from the four-yard line to start the scoring. Mark Gibbons rushed in to kick the extra point. His kick was perfect making it 7-0.

The cadets made it 13 in the opening minutes of the second period. A drive had started in the first quarter and it was continued into the second period. A blocked kick on the New Hampshire 40-yard line started this drive. Again the M.M.A. backfield stars drove deep into the opponent's territory. With the ball on the 3-yard line, a quarterback sneak from the "T" was used with Paul Powers taking the honors.

The third period opened with N.H. kicking off to the cadets' three-yard line where it was picked up and returned to the 25. Again the backfield of Kauserud, Bolster, and Sutcliffe carried the ball to the N.H. twenty-yard line. The next play saw Phil Bolster rifle a pass to Bill Parker who took it to the eight-yard line. As he was about to be tackled, he lateraled to guard Bernie Georgie who went the remaining distance. Mark Gibbons then kicked the extra point making the score 20-0.

New Hampshire came to life in this period to drive to the Academy's two-yard line but a fumble recovered by Bernie Georgie saved a shutout for the cadets.

The fourth period opened with the cadets on their own 16-yard line with ten yards to go on their fourth down. The fake kick was pulled with Bob Kauserud going for 25 yards. The next play was a pass to Al Mansfield which brought the ball down to the N.H. 20-yard line. The drive continued to the seven-yard line but the Wildcats held and took over on downs. They were forced to kick, however, to their own forty-five.

Harvard JV 39; M.M.A. 0

An outclassed but definitely not an outfought cadet eleven was handed its third

defeat of the season by a star-studded Harvard JV team.

Harvard opened the game by taking the kick-off on their own 10-yard line. They were forced to kick three plays later after failing to register a first down. The cadets took the punt on their own 20 but three plays failed to gain. The MMA kick was partially blocked giving Harvard the ball on the Maritime 30. From here Harvard pushed to their first touchdown. The score was increased again in the same period when "Red" Hill, a Maritime Academy grid star in '44, romped 15 yards to tally.

At the half time mark the Crimson led by a 20-point margin.

The cadets came back to open the second half with two drives that had the fans wondering in amazement at the fight and spirit the Maritime team possessed. Bob Kauserud took the opening kickoff on his own 5 and raced through the entire Harvard team before being pulled down from behind on the opponents' nine-yard line. Four line plunges netted six yards, three yards shy of a TD. Harvard kicked to their own forty on the next play where MMA again took over. A lateral to end Bill Parker who passed to end Al Mansfield netted ten yards for a first down. Two tries by Phil Bolster and two by Kauserud brought the ball to the eleven. Five yards were picked up by end Al Mansfield as he carried to the Harvard six but the drive ended as Harvard held and finally took over on their own six-yard line.

Three more touchdowns were scored in this half by Harvard to bring the final score to 39-0.

Although it may be said that Harvard had the weight, the power, the experience, and the reserves, the Maritime Academy had the most important factor in any ball game. They had the fight and "never say quits" attitude which makes a losing team a great team.

M.M.A. 19; Thayer 0

In the final game of the 1946 season, and the final game at MMA for the entire starting eleven, the cadets set an all-vet Thayer team on its heels in a smashing 19-0 victory.

This fifth win of the season which ended with a 5-3 record was the fourth shut out scored by the cadets. Previously Maine Maritime Academy had been beaten 21-0; University of N.H. JV's 27-0; Stockbridge School of Agriculture, another all-vet team, 27-0; and a 7-6 win over Exeter in the opening game rounded out the win columns.

Thayer lost the toss and the cadets elected to receive the opening kick-off. The Thayer kick went to the MMA 35 where end Bill Parker picked it up and returned it to his own 47-yard line.

The ball exchanged hands several times around the mid-field stripe and it was not until half way through the period that MMA got into scoring position.

The cadets kicked from their own 48-yard line to the Thayer 15. The ball was taken by the safety man but he fumbled when he was hit. When the pile-up was unscrambled, end Al Mansfield had recovered the ball to give the cadets a first down on the 15-yard stripe. From here Bob Kauserud, Charlie DeVarennes and Phil Bolster went the remaining distance with Phil scoring from the two-yard line.

The second period was entirely one sided as the Thayer vets failed to cross the 50-yard line. Although the play was in-

side the 30-yard line most of the time, the cadets tallied but once. This one score saw Bob Kauserud eat up 50 yards to outsmart the entire visiting team. MMA had taken a Thayer punt on the 50 and after one play failed to gain, Bob Kauserud took it off tackle for 50 yards and a T.D.

The opening kick off in the second half saw Bob Kauserud do it again. He took the kick on his 5 and with good blocking on the part of his teammates and speed and deception on his own part he romped the entire 95 yards for the final touchdown. Tackle Mark Gibbons made the score 19 with a perfect placement. Phil Bolster and Bob Kauserud started another drive, when both of them got off for successive 20-yard runs but an intercepted pass on the Thayer 20 deprived the cadets of another chance.

In the final period another MMA drive had started in the final minutes of the game. Jack Stevenson started on his own 25 and took the ball to the 40 in one attempt. Paul Powers then picked up 5 more to bring it to the 45. After another line buck had failed, quarterback Paul Powers uncorked a perfect pass from the "T" to end Paul Fusini which went for 46 yards to the Thayer 9-yard line. Time ran out on the cadets though, with the ball still on the 9 after two line plays had failed.

SUMMARY

MMA	7	Exeter Academy	6
MMA	12	Brown J. V.	27
MMA	27	Stockbridge Aggies	0
MMA	21	Maine Maritime Acad.	0
MMA	7	Bergen Junior College	13
MMA	27	U. of New Hampshire	0
MMA	0	Harvard J. V.	39
MMA	19	Thayer Acad. Veterans	0

Won, 5; Lost, 3.

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Director of Athletics

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U.S.N.R.

Managers

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H. F. Willis
J. M. Waters

Trainer

Francis B. Munger
Chief Pharmacist's Mate, U.S.N.

Captain

A. M. Villano

Coach

John R. Tulis

Publicity Editor

R. L. Lorenz, Midn.

Starting Lineup

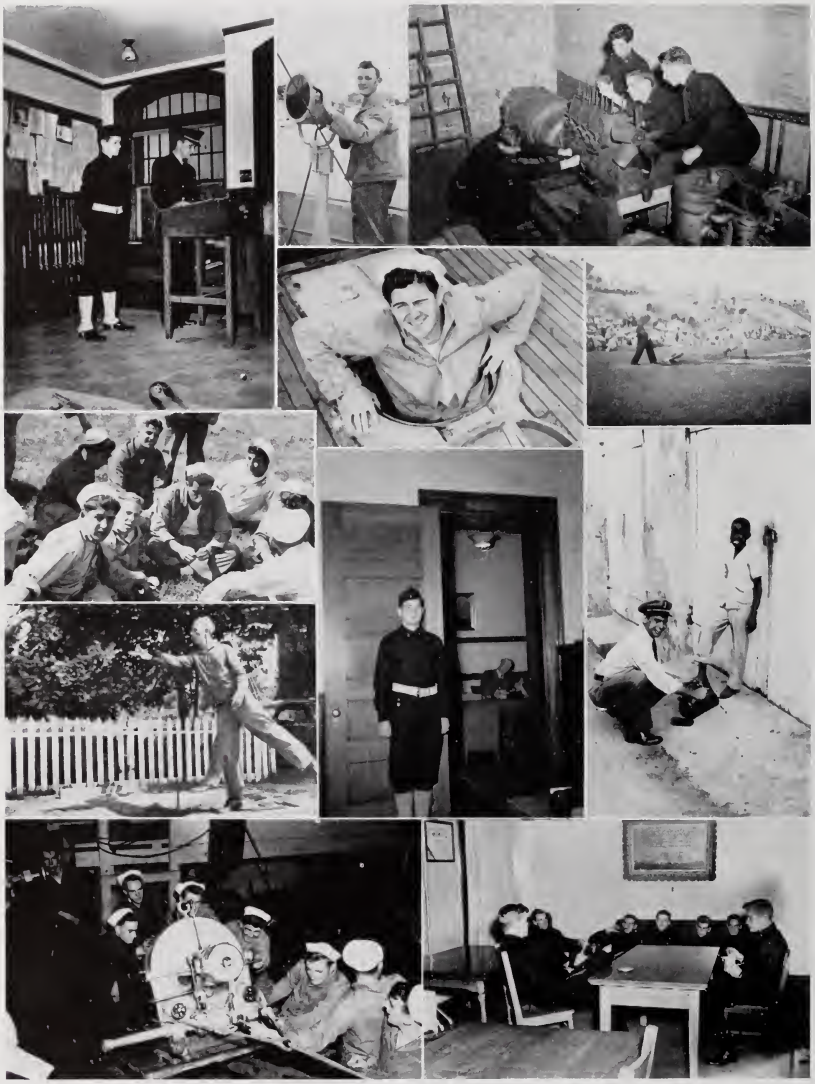
L.E.	Mansfield	R.G.	Misakian	L.H.B.	Bolster
L.T.	Baker	R.T.	Gibbons	R.H.B.	De Varennes
L.G.	Giorgi	R.E.	Parker	F.B.	Kauserud
C.	Villano	Q.B.	Powers		

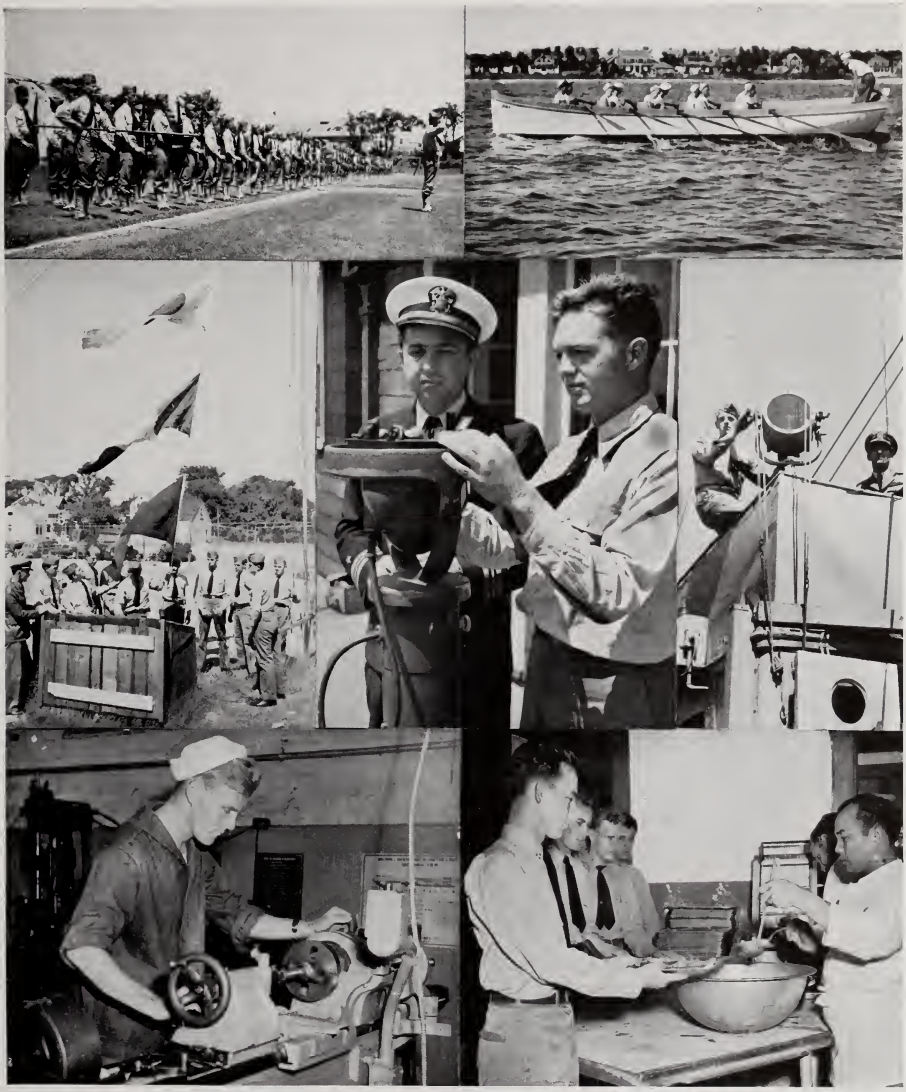
Hyannis

Hyannis, the popular summer resort of Cape Cod and the typical deserted Cape town in the winter, has been our foster home for the past two years. We have seen the town thriving with business in the summer and then slowly dwindle down to a small half-inhabited ghost town in the winter. For the first part of our stay here, Navy planes were constantly buzzing over the Academy, but now only passenger liners and privately owned craft are seen lazily circling above. Air service to the Islands, Boston, and New York began during our second summer here. During the same summer, the "Hyannis Steamship Co." put into effect service to Nantucket Island with the purchasing of two, eighty-five foot, converted Coast Guard Cutters. Also at the end of this season an LST, engaged in transporting cars and trucks to the Islands, could be seen pulling into the bay and riding up on the beach. And speaking of beaches, Craigville Beach, located just outside the immediate limits of town, offers a most enjoyable and relaxing afternoon from the rigors of Academy life. All in all, we have seen the town change and advance during our stay here at the Academy.

With true friendliness the people of Hyannis have accepted the midshipman in a wonderfully accommodating manner.

LIFE AT M.M.A.





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EDITOR'S NOTE

The Staff of the 1947 MUSTER presents this Historical review of the two years in which we have served as Midshipmen at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy for your inspection with the sincere hope that you may derive as much pleasure from this book as we have been able to gain in recording it. It is our utmost desire that we have brought back happy memories of our apprenticeship and that this book will serve as an everlasting bond between the individual and his school.

Our gratitude goes to Lieutenant Commander Harold Howes, our Faculty advisor for his wise counsel in aiding and guiding us in preparing our material. To our Superintendent for the many unique ideas he has conveyed to us. To the First Class for the essentials that made the book possible. To our Photographer, Sargent Studios, our Printers, The Andover Press, and the many advertisers, our sincere thanks for your valuable aid.

THE EDITOR

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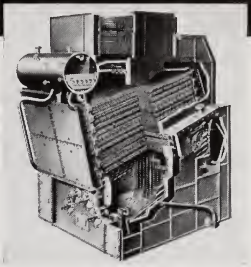

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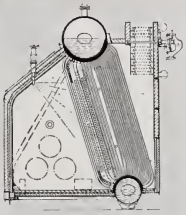
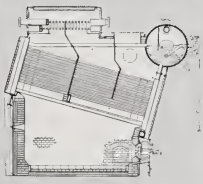
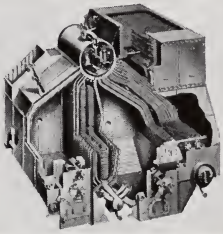
Three-Drum Boiler



Two-Drum Boiler



Three-Pass, Sectional-Header Boiler



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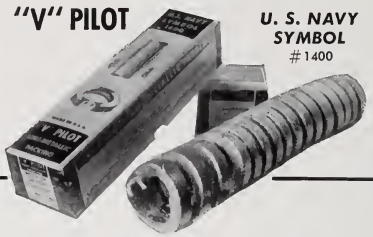

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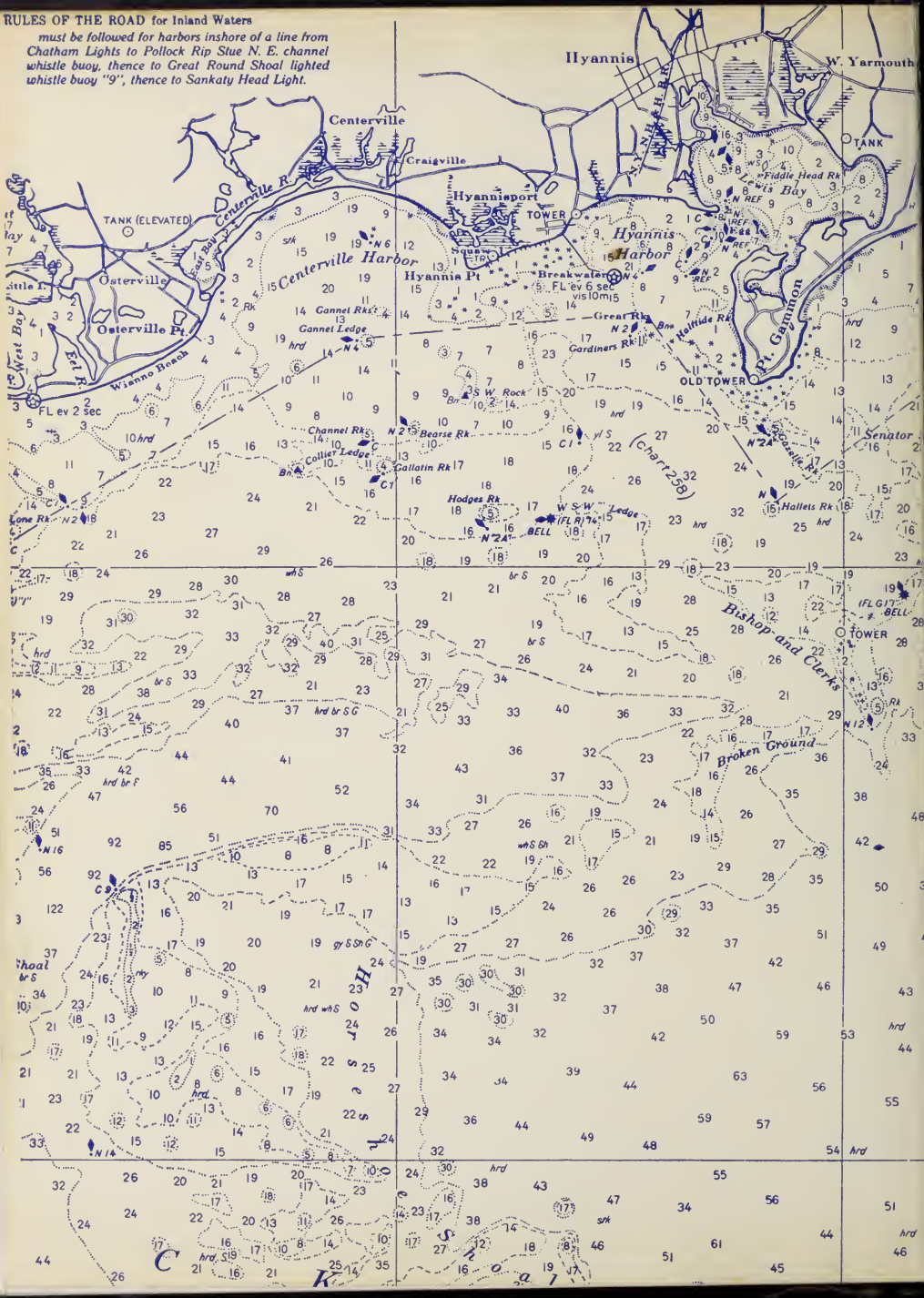

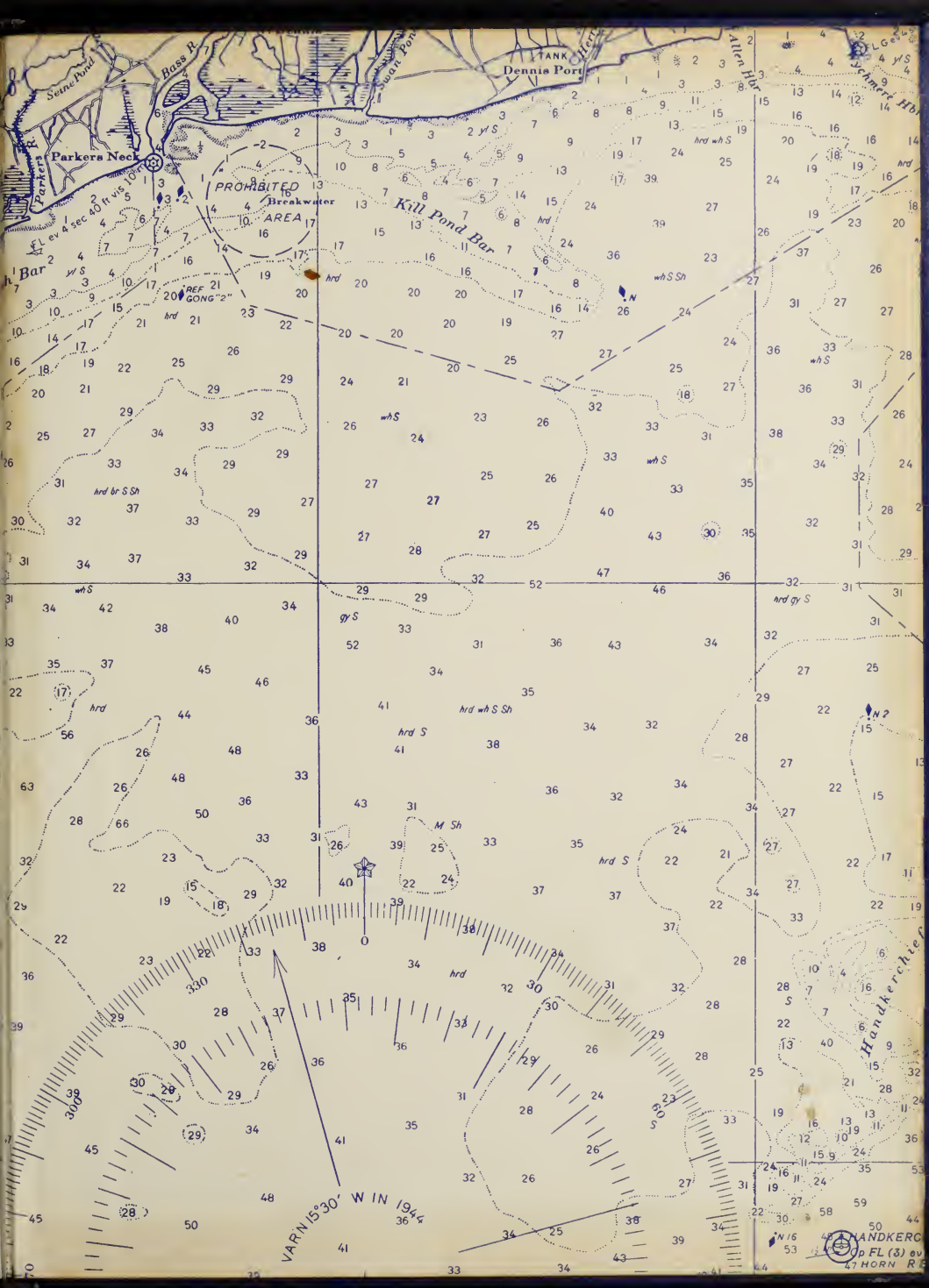
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